

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

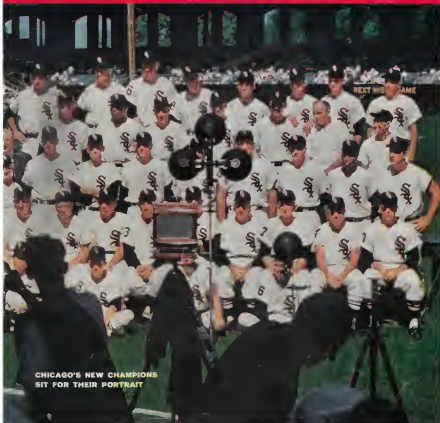
SEPTEMBER 28, 1959

America's National Sports Weekly

25 CENTS

\$7.50 A YEAR

WORLD SERIES PREVIEW



CHICAGO'S NEW CHAMPIONS
SIT FOR THEIR PORTRAIT



Ernie Klack tells his son the facts about Carter's new knitted boxer shorts

Ernie is having a man-to-man talk with Ernie, Jr. (who's college-bound), about the great comfort and dashing good looks of Carter's *knitted* boxers. Ernie explains that they're also very practical for campus living because they never

need ironing. Without another word, Junior is sold. (Secretly, he's been borrowing Ernie's for ages.) So learn from Ernie . . . if you have a campus-bound son, better give him lots of Carter's *custom knit boxer shorts*. Or he'll take yours.

Ever know a guy who wears Carter's knitted boxer shorts and considers it uncivilized (and uncomfortable) to wear any other kind.

Carter's

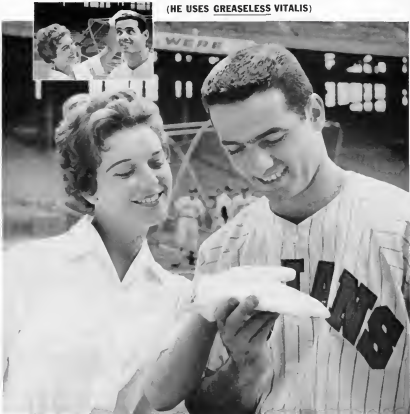
MEANS COMFORT IN KNITTED BOXER SHORTS...BOXERS...T-SHIRTS...ATHLETIC SHIRTS



Featurd Print Knit Boxers \$1.65 . . . at these and other fine stores: ARIZONA: Phoenix • ANAHEIM: Blackburn Bros. • BOSTON: Sefton Marsh Co.
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Not a day goes by but that new legions of cocktail lovers hail the Martini-Triumphant.

The MT is an august potion. Its crowning glory is Seagram's gin, of which there is none whicher.

While most gins straggle along at 90 proof, Seagram's marches into the cocktail shaker at a commanding 94. Hence, it is dryer, yet with a sophistication that's soothing to the palate. Such dry-smoothness is a magnificent improbability. But it's *there*.

Tonight, let joy abound—celebration reign. Hail Seagram's, well met!

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SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, NYC 94 PROOF, DISTILLED DRY GIN, DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN

Cover: The Chicago White Sox ►

The Chicago White Sox spent 45 years waiting to sit for a formal portrait as the American League champions. For their chances of winning the World Series, turn to page 22.

Photograph by Richard Mark

Next week



► With pro football starting its biggest year, John Unitas is a marked man as quarterback of the world champion Baltimore Colts. In a special article illustrated by Robert Riger, Ray Berry tells how to catch Unitas' passes. Ted Maule avoids the traps and also analyzes the prospects of the proposed new league.

PLUS

Football's Second Week: In the Color of the Week picture the color camera records action from one of Saturday's games. Also, reports on the leading college contests. Lineup of the Week. Back of the Week and Red Grange's picks.

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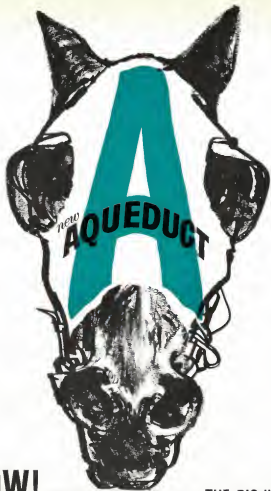
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THE MEN'S SHOPS
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Jimmy Jemal's
HOTBOX



THE QUESTION: *Nelson Rockefeller says: "The World Series is the world's greatest sports event." Do you agree?*



ALICIA PATTERSON
Editor-Publisher of
Newsday
Garden City, N.Y.

No. The Kentucky Derby is the most colorful, the most exciting, the most all-American sports event in these United States. When the greatest 3-year-olds parade to the post to the music of *My Old Kentucky Home*, even the hard-boiled sports fiend feels the large lump growing in his throat.



VANCE MARREE
West division
Variety, G.O.

No. Any one of the seven World Series games may turn out to be a top sportscycle, but as a group I wouldn't call them the world's top sports event. I think the Army-Navy football game is tops. It has all the ingredients: color, drama, world-famous celebrities and, generally, a rip-roaring game.



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6 HANDY
"BITE-SIZE"
WEDGES



BING CROSBY
1944: Booby, Cello

If Nelson Rockefeller means the premier sports event in this country, I wouldn't argue with him too soon—only, although I'm partial to golf clubs. However, the Olympics, coming once every four years, are of greater interest to every country. Most of their athletes participate in the Olympics than in any single sport.



HEDDA HOPPER
*Specialist columnist
H. Hopper*

"It is the world" as a reporter, but I believe that I can do this ground when I feel that in sports, the world is most appealing and calling, than the 1954 Tour de France, or the 1954 parade followed by the football game in the dark of all hours, the Rose Bowl. Even the P. T. Barnum's, I feel that



CARLOS P. ROMULO
*Philippine Ambassador
to the U.S.*

The Swiss Knight will know in the Philippines. Most would be the Olympics. It is the only real, international sport even. The Olympic world championship. Basketball is the greatest sport in the Philippines, and quite naturally we are intensely interested in the Olympic basketball competition.



HAROLD S. VANDERBILT
New York City

To see, writing and yacht racing are the most interesting sports. The America's Cup race has always been the most prominent series of races. I believe it has been of worldwide interest in the past and it may be again if the British or Australians challenge for a series of races this year at Newport.

continued

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NOTBOX continued



FRANK M. FOLSON
Chairman of Executive Committee, Radio Corporation of America

No. 1 and it is the Masters golf championship at Augusta, Ga. It is a continued test of skill for several days. Whether the championship is witnessed in person or seen by millions on television, it is a most exciting, colorful and dramatic sports event, that is followed by golfers all over the world.



JOE FOSS
Former Governor of South Dakota

I'll have to agree with my friend Nelson. During the World Series you will see crowds in every little hamlet watching the games on TV or listening to radio accounts and arguing about them afterward. I might be wrong but I feel this isn't true of any other sport in any other part of the world.



MAJOR GENERAL JULIUS KLEIN
USAR (ret.)
Former Commander, Illinois National Guard

No. The greatest event is a soccer game for the World Cup. Crowds of 150,000 or more watch these games. The feelings aroused are intense. Fans have burned down a stadium when their team lost. In Israel a six-foot protective moat was built to separate the rabid spectators from the players.



KELLUM JOHNSON
President, AAI Dallas

No. The Olympic drive, more spectators and attend the most worldwide interest. Of course, it's a group of games or sports. If you narrow them down, I'd say the track and field events are the greatest and, of these, the mile race has caught the popular imagination more than any other event.

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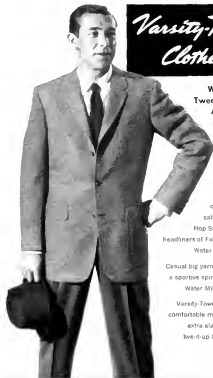
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SCOREBOARD

A roundup of the sports action of the week

BOATING Amidst snapped rods, burned-out pistons, stalled engines and river-tossed drivers, Mike Musick, 1938 Humber champion, held Bill Boren's powerful Watson together long enough to capture the President's Cup. In the first heat of the first day Musick, leading boat on the 18th circuit, thumped off a penalty lap and flipped over, throwing Driver Bill Boren into the Potomac River and out of contention. By the final heat on the second and last day only six of the nine hydros were left in racing condition. Don Wilson, leading on points in Mus 1, S. 7, was flung while trying to catch Wilson on the last lap, was flung unconscious from the Potomac. With red flags set off to stop the race, only Wilson and Nivogus, driven by Norm Evans, finished the heat.

HORSE RACING—Before a cheering crowd of nearly 50,000 on the first Saturday of racing at the new Aqueduct plant, Greenlee Stable's *Weatherman*, running against eleven 2-year-olds in the \$143,220 Futurity chose the stretch run to reveal himself as one of the more promising 2-year-olds of the season. Under Eddie Cross the son of Tom Fool, who was predecessor Belmont Futurity in his own year, swiftly moved to the outside and led in second place in second place more than a length behind *en bahari*. Ready to challenge *Weatherman* in

FOR THE RECORD

BASKETBALL—(EAL) record breaking on New York Knicks last night, 100-91, against Boston Celtics.

BOATING—WILLIAM W. BROWN, 1938 Humber champion, held Bill Boren's powerful Watson together long enough to capture the President's Cup.

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faces in the crowd . . .



HARRY C. MELCHER JR., Lake Geneva, Wis., 1938 skipper, went south to Houston for North American sailing championship, returned with title after beating Warner Wilcox of New Rochelle, N.Y., by 14 points.



JACKIE JOHNSON, 1938 16-year-old tennis star from Milwaukee, showed unusual stamina in the Montana Open tennis final, won women's and junior singles, women's and junior doubles, Great Falls, Mont.

JIM YERMOLA, 46, one of seven golfing Turners brothers and winner of the 1932 PGA championship, claimed his first tournament victory in three years with a 266 for 72 holes in Metropolitan Open at Woodmere, N.Y.



DICK WARD, winner of the Indianapolis "500" last May, took his first National legat racing championship in 11 years of competition when he shined in first in the Haver 100-mile race at Indianapolis.

JAMES C. FRANCIS, 32, Toronto architect who skipped his first semester in first in three out of the four 12-mile races on Long Island Sound to capture the North American amateur sailing title.



FRANK CHABOT rode Eastern Breeze's Diamond to victories in the Professional Horseman's Assn. Trophy and Federation Equestre Internationale fault-and-out class at Fiping Rock Horse Show at Laurel, Md., N.Y.

WILLIAM C. TEWKSBURY, of Clearwater, Fla., carefully rolling a three-pound, five-inch sphere over the velvet smooth lawn at Whitehall, N.H., successfully defended his American Lawn Bowling singles title.



WEATHERWISE WIND THE FUTURITY

the Champagne race at Aqueduct (October 17) in Tompkins, another 2-year-old Tom Fool colt, who proved himself earlier in the season by taking the Hopeful at Saratoga.

BOXING Harbormaster Torres, 18-year-old Mexican lightweight known as Battling Torres, knocked Frankie Ryff to the canvas in the Los Angeles Olympic Auditorium at the beginning of the first round, seconds later dropped him in the opposite corner with a right, then put him away for the count with a left. Torres, undefeated in 24 fights, scored his 20th knockout, hopes to be knocking on Champion Joe Brown's jaw within six months.

Eddie Machen, boxing around with Milwaukee Heavyweight Willie Hernandez for the boss of the crowd, finally took command in the closing rounds with a series of furious, fast rights, outpointed Hernandez for a unanimous decision at Portland, Me. Machen, who only lost in 12 bouts occurred last September when Engineer Jukanen knocked him flat in the first, upped his string to six straight.



WILLIAM C. TEWKSBURY, of Clearwater, Fla., carefully rolling a three-pound, five-inch sphere over the velvet smooth lawn at Whitehall, N.H., successfully defended his American Lawn Bowling singles title.

Captain Charles Blair (T), one of the world's most experienced pilots... today commending Pan American pilot the exact left, direction, price to take off, another gl... Reputed Rolex owner David J. Mahoney, President of the Gulf Home Corporation.



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MEMO from the publisher



THAT good old sales pitch, "Ya can't tell the players without a program!" would seem, so far as football goes, to date back just more than half a century. In 1908 Karl Davis, at the time publicity man for the University of Pittsburgh, first put numbers on football jerseys. He quickly added to this service the refinement of switching the numbers each week—and so it is no shock to learn that Davis had the program concession. He thus became a double pioneer—in player numbering and in (the phrase had not been coined) "dynamic obsolescence." Both inventions have come a long way since.

Next week, as the biggest of all professional seasons opens and **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** presents its professional football preview, some numbers have attained a "dynamic permanence" which would only have frustrated

Davis years ago. Red Grange's 77 and Ernie Nevers' 1, to name a couple, hardly call for reference to any printed roster.

But this year 19 is the number that will take no looking up. Wearing it, as he sits for his portrait on next week's cover, is the Baltimore Colts' great Johnny Unitas. Last year there were those, notably New York Giants and their fans, who saw more of 19 than they really cared to. Some others will never see enough. For Unitas is a genuine superstar, the outstanding player in football today and key to the fortunes of the champion Colts.

The millions who will watch 19 are bound to see a lot of another number, 82. "He has," Tex Maule wrote (81, Jan. 5), "a bad hack and one leg is shorter than the other so that he wears mud cleats to equalize them. His eyes are so bad that he must wear contact lenses when he plays. He is not very fast and, although he was a good college end, he was far from a great one. His name is Ray Berry, and he has the rarest hands in professional football."

Next week Ray Berry tells you how to catch a pass. The article, illustrated by Robert Riger, is part of the series of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's** football instructional, which already includes Y. A. Tittle on quarterbacking and Lou Groza on the place kick.

The pro preview also brings Maule's analysis as he takes a long look from the start of the new-born season down toward its end. And, finally—it's the last number I will call this week—there are 12 (twelve) Scouting Reports.

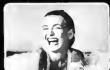
Arthur Murphy

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FOOTBALL'S 1ST WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

For some, like Louisiana State's defending national champions, there was promise of continued greatness, while for others, like North Carolina, there was only despair. But for a good part of the country last Saturday, the good old autumnal excitement was back as football played out its first week.

THE SOUTH

Held at bay for a half by two galloping quick kicks and a 44-yard field goal by Rice's Gordon Speer, pitiful LSU settled down and methodically took the tiring Ochs apart 26-3 before 48,000 at Baton Rouge. Taking his cue from the way Rice was stacking its defenses against

every inch the SEC contender while defeating Alabama 17-3, Maryland's imaginative Tom Nugent unrolled his "11" formation and, along with it, a size-handed passer in Sophomore Dick Novak and a sure-footed kicker in End Vince Scott, who booted field goals from 48, 41 and 31 yards, as the Terps hammered West Virginia 27-7. Wilham and Mary defeated Virginia 37-0 for the first time in 18 years.

THE MIDWEST

Time action had little action, and most of it was disappointing. Richer Lucas, a quarterback with a golden arm, led Penn State to a 19-8 win over Missouri.



NEW FACES OF THE WEEK Jim Saxton (left), one of Texas' promising sophomore backs, ran 23 yards for score in 20-0 win over Nebraska. Maryland Quarterback Dick Novak, in first varsity game, tossed three TD passes against West Virginia.

terminated defense to beat Boston College 24-8 (see page 14). For now, Coach Wayne Harlin. Along the way, the Middlesex uncovered a new hero in Dick Parnase, a defensive back last year, who scored two touchdowns, one on an 80-yard punt return, and teamed up with Quarterback Joe Tranchesi and Halfback Joe Bellino, a pair of veterans, to do in the Eagles.

West Chester Teachers, a little Pennsylvania school seeking a big reputation, was well on the way after Halfback Bill Shorckie helped the Rams upset Villanova 13-7 to avenge their only defeat last year.

THE SOUTHWEST

Mississippi was troubled by host Houston's new spit-wing T until alert Guard Bob Kibayaz latched on to an errant Cougar pass and lugged it back 32 yards to set up a touchdown. That did it, and Ole Miss went on to a 16-0 triumph.

Finishing the going unexpectedly rough against Kansas, TCU shut halfback Fullback Jack Spikes loose for 64 yards on a trap play, then followed with a short jump pass from Quarterback Larry Dawson to End Jim Gilmore to win 14-7.

THE WEST

It was beginning to look like a competitive year on the West Coast. UCLA, showing fair defensive skill, battled nose-to-nose through four scoreless periods with Purdue, prompting Coach Bill Barnes to claim "a moral victory."

ESU, sporting a big, powerful line that held Oregon State to three first downs and 65 yards rushing, got two touchdowns each from Sophomores Lynn Gaskill and Alan Shields, and won 27-6.

California, too, showed that it could win, even without Joe Kapp. Coach Pete Elbert provided his halfbacks with more opportunities, and they paid off for a 20-6 victory over Washington State.

In sharp contrast, defenseless Oregon and Stanford looked up in a real winging before Oregon won 28-27. Stanford pulled within one point of the Ducks on Quarterback Dick Norman's pass to Ben Robinson with a minute to go, but the gamblers Indians tried for victory instead of a tie and lost it all when Oregon Halfback Dave Grayson hatted down Norman's extra-point pass.



BACK OF THE WEEK Quarterback Richer Lucas gave Missouri an eyelid, completed 10 of 11 passes for 154 yards and gained 48 rushing for 19-8 Penn State victory.



LINEBACKER OF THE WEEK Center Maxie Baughan of Georgia Tech, rough, tough and mottled 210-pounder, made 17 tackles, helped to hold off Kentucky 14-12.

the 1.81-inch running game, Coach Paul Dwyer altered blocking assignments to allow for better trapping and introduced some hipper-chipper reverses. All-American Halfback Billy Cannon fired the first scoring shot, sweeping right end for 37 yards on a pass option in the third quarter. Keeping up their zealous pursuit and blocking, the Tigers added a 34-yard field goal by Halfback Wendell Harris and two more touchdowns in the final period.

Coach Frank Howard's "esundry boys" from Clemson looked more like city slickers as they piled up a 20-6 lead over North Carolina. But Tar Heel Quarterback Jack Cummings began pitching in the last quarter, and the Tigers had all they could do to hang on long enough to win 20-18 (see page 13).

Elsewhere, in the South, Georgia Tech got a slam-bang linchpinning job from Center Maxie Baughan and held off challenging Kentucky 14-12. Georgia looked

And while Lucas was shining, his Missouri counterpart, Phil Snowden, was bowed by a home-town crowd of 28,000 for his inaccuracy as a passer.

Coach Lisle Blackburn, back at Marquette after four years with the Green Bay Packers, found a passer who can throw in Pete Hall (22 for 43 and 273 yards) and an end who can catch 'em in Larry Hubbard (11 for 312 yards), but couldn't find a way to stop Pin End Mike Ditka. Big Mike snared two touchdown passes from Quarterback Ivan Tomey and latched a punt to set up the score that won for the Panthers 21-15.

Texas turned loose a passel of eager sophomores against Nebraska and shut out the Cornhuskers 20-0.

THE EAST

While Penn State and Pitt were kissing up their heels in the Midwest, Nasty put together a nose-oreful attack and a de-

RED GRANGE PREDICTS

Auburn vs. Tennessee

Auburn's great defense, still led by Center Jackie Burkett and Guard Zeke Smith, should be no less impregnable than it was a year ago. And there will be more offense to worry Tennessee. AUBURN.

Kentucky vs. Mississippi

On Mizzou, rolling again with Quarterback Bobby Franklin and Fullback Charlie Flowers supplying the impetus, is too strong for the Wildcats despite the latter's almost upsetting Georgia Tech last week. MISSISSIPPI.

Georgia Tech vs. SMU

Tech teams rarely beat themselves, but SMU's Don Meredith, one of the nation's top passers, will do it for them. A victory for SMU.

Louisiana State vs. TCU

LSU is loaded with talent, while TCU's strength lies in its line. Attack will make the difference, and the Tigers have Cannon, Robinson and Rabb. LSU.

Army vs. Boston College

Navy shot the Eagles down last week, and now it is Army's turn. I can't see BC containing Bob Anderson's running and Joe Caldwell's passing. A win for ARMY.

Notre Dame vs. North Carolina

The Irish are rebuilding and burning under new Coach Joe Kuharich and may find the Tar Heels too advanced. Despite the Clemson loss, I'll take NORTH CAROLINA.

Wisconsin vs. Stanford

Stanford's Dick Norman throws the ball, but so does Wisconsin's Dale Heckbart. A leaky defense will cost Stanford dearly. WISCONSIN.

Northwestern vs. Oklahoma

Northwestern has a fine passer in Dick Thornton, but the big question is: Can the Wildcats match material-rich Oklahoma in depth? I'll be working this game on NBC-TV, so I won't pick a winner.

Iowa vs. California

Things have changed since these two teams met in the Rose Bowl last January. Neither figure to be as strong. A close one, but the nod goes to IOWA.

Southern California vs. Pitt

This may be the year of renaissance for the Trojans, who have come up with a powerful line and breakaway backs to spark the offense. Pitt has lost too much. USC.

LAST WEEK'S PREDICTIONS:
7 RIGHT, 1 WRONG: 1-10



VIEW FROM THE MOUND

BY WARREN SPAHN



A new series of articles by baseball's famous left-hander expressing his personal views on everything from fast balls to Fall fashion

For a welcome change of pace try stretch belts by PARIS



Last year in a Giant game, I was getting tagged pretty hard by one of their heavy hitters. Then in the eighth, after throwing fast balls, I fooled him with a change of pace, and struck him out with men on base. That taught me a lesson. There is nothing as refreshing, or effective as a change of pace, in baseball, business, or in the way we dress.

Women, bless 'em, go out and buy a new hat when they need a change. But very often, just a new tie, or belt, will put new life in a man's outlook. The smartest change of pace I know of for Fall is a new high styled "Paris" Stretch Belt. I'd suggest a custom-link style for dress and business, a sport belt, for casual wear. The link belt is beautifully made of genuine goatskin, with a stretch leather back (don't ask me how they do it) that comfortably gives and takes with your every move. By the way, if you're going to wear this belt with a blue or gray suit, select one in black and wear black shoes, too.

The sport belt has a fine leather front with an elastic stretch back and is perfect for golf or howling. Select these "Paris" styles at any fine men's shop or department store.

For my free booklet, "A View From The Mound," write: Warren Spahn, c/o Paris Belts, 1143 W. Congress Parkway, Chicago 7, Illinois.

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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by LES WOODCOCK

AMERICAN LEAGUE

The Chicago White Sox, anxious to rest their veterans for the Series, suddenly slumped again two, lost four and delayed their pennant clinching. The runner-up Cleveland Indians managed to play some fair baseball despite the disgraceful antics of GM Frank Lane. Ignoring the fact that

the all-around play of 19-year-old Second Baseman Lon Klinebeck. The Washington Senators, alive again and driving toward their winningest season in five years, were powered by the hitting of Jim Lomon and the pitching of Camilo Pascual (11-0) consecutive shutouts.

Standings: Ch 59, Cle 57, NY 53, Det 48, W 47, B 46, M 45, KC 43, Bk 42, Wash 41, Min 39.

STARS OF THE SEASON

American League	National League
MR. BOSTON BATTERS	
Greene won Ryan, Ch 28-30	Burdette, Md 1, 14
Complete games: Russell, Wash 38	Burdette, Md 20
	Spahn, M 23
	Kousser, Phil 24
	Newcomer, Cin 100
	Kaplan, LA 10 1/2
	Spahn, M 13 1/2

THE BEST HITTERS	
Franklin, Ch 251	Arnes, Phil 227
Caldwell, Cle 41	Bates, Det 42
(1 gm 14 AB)	(1 gm 12 AB)
Caldwell, Cle 45	Arnes, Phil 35
Tray, Det 112	Reisen, Cin 8

THE BEST PERFORMANCE PER GAME	
Best win: Cleveland 8-2	Cincinnati 6-9
Best app. win: Chicago 3-2	San Francisco 3-10
Most hits: New York 9-8	Cincinnati 1-48
Best app. hit: Cleveland 3-10	San Francisco 3-28
Most RBIs: Cleveland 1-10	Milwaukee 1-18
Best app. RBIs: Baltimore 2-5	Pittsburgh 0-72

the Indians had put up a valiant season-long fight for the pennant, Lane loudly proclaimed to the world that Manager Joe Gordon had done a bad job. Gordon replied, "You can't fire me, I quit." The New York Yankees continued to be hampered by moon-ism pitching. Bobby Richardson, the little globe wizard at second, became the leading Yankee batter (.297) when he pushed his average up 30 points in the past month. The Detroit Tigers had an awful time trying to catch, much less win. They were shut out twice, got only one run in another game. The Baltimore Orioles, fighting desperately to finish in the first division, didn't get enough hitting to complement some strong pitching. The Boston Red Sox, making a late-season move in an effort to finish respectably, won four straight over the three top teams in the league. The sinking Kansas City Athletics were hampered by

NATIONAL LEAGUE

The excitement of the pennant race became unbearable as the San Francisco Giants faltered, the Los Angeles Dodgers refused to fold and the Milwaukee Braves hung right in there over pitch. The Pittsburgh Pirates, who might have made it a four-team race, finished a disastrous road trip with a 5-10 record. Sold, Dick Groat, "I think if we had quit trying to fit fences in those shortie parks and hit as we do in Forbes Field, we would have been O.K." The Cincinnati Reds finally came up with their strongest lineup. Frank Thomas was put on first base and Frank Robinson shifted back to left field. Thomas immediately started to hit, and the new outfield Robinson, Pison and Bell looked good. "It's the best outfield in baseball," said Jerry Lynch, the Reds'

TEAM LEADERS

	Batting	Winners	Pitching
AMERICAN LEAGUE			
Ch. Tee	387	Laffer	21 Wins
Cle. Mace	381	Caldwell	41 Shutouts
NY. Richardson	295	Mantle	31 Folds
Det. Warren	251	Musgrave	20 Loss
Bk. Moulton	244	Franzen	23 Folds
Bos. Roberts	210	Jones	23 Folds
KC. Lofie	206	Gore	18 Folds
Wash. Lemon	201	Salisbury	40 Folds
NATIONAL LEAGUE			
St. Cappel	308	Wynn	31 Wins
LA. Seaver	308	Morgan	27 Shutouts
Ph. Aaron	257	Mohrman	40 Shutouts
Ph. Bregman	251	Shaw	23 Folds
Cin. Phipps	219	Robinson	24 Shutouts
Ch. Baker	206	Banks	42 Shutouts
St. Capraugh	205	Baker	28 Shutouts
Ph. Boucher	206	2 wch	23 Shutouts

Based exclusively through September 15

leading hitter last year. "And it's making a benchwarmer out of me." The Chicago Cubs might just as well have gone to the movies last week. They played before 1,366 people in Wrigley Field one day, '68 the next and 971 the third. Spring training came early for the St. Louis Cardinals as they made regulars out of four rookies: Tim McCarver (17 years old), Duke Carmel (22), Gene Oliver (24) and Wally Shannon (25). But the best youngster appeared to be 20-year-old bonus pitcher Bob Miller, who won his third straight game. The Philadelphia Phillies had something to show for the season, after all. Richie Ashburn set a new club record for base hits (2,212).

Standings: LA 42, St 40, SF 37, Phil 31, W 27, Cin 24-78, Ch 20-78, StL 19-86, Ph 14-92

RUNS PRODUCED

	Runs Scored	Home Runs	Total Runs
AMERICAN LEAGUE			
Jason, Ch (239)	96	78	174
Benson, Cle (201)	92	71	163
Melvin, Bk (180)	88	71	159
Baltimore, Wash (209)	76	68	144
Caldwell, Cle (194)	82	67	149
NATIONAL LEAGUE			
Robinson, Cin (211)	106	89	195
Arnes, Md (207)	111	89	200
Phipps, Cin (210)	128	81	209
Wynn, St (203)	128	89	217
Baker, Ph (200)	88	76	164

*Derived by subtracting RBIs from RBAs



The Dandridge Caldwells of Nashville, Tennessee, enjoy rum and tonic opposite the ancient Fortress at El Morro

Light as a breeze and dry—Rum and Tonic

THE Dandridge Caldwells of Nashville, Tennessee, couldn't believe their eyes.

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The rum was dry. Light as a breeze. "The best tonic drink I ever tasted," reports Dan Caldwell.

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THE GHOST OF JIM TATUM

As the football season burst open
on a bright autumn day, the memory
of a huge, hugely successful coach
still covered the Chapel Hill campus

by KENNETH RUDEEN

ALL OVER the country last weekend Americans rejoiced in splendid weather. Clear, crisp, invigorating autumn weather, just right for a new football season—and Navy, among others, enjoyed it (opposite page).

So it was a splendid start. Down at Chapel Hill, N.C., the weather was perfect, too, and the game was the most exciting and provocative of this opening week. Every man, woman and child in the state knew that this was to be glory year at the University of North Carolina. It was the place to be. Here was the team that would make up for the decade of drought following the graduation of the brilliant Charlie Justice. Here was the team big Jim Tatum had come home to Carolina to mold—only to die of a virus attack with shocking suddenness before having a chance to reap the fruits of his labors. Here was the debut of Tatum's successor, Jim Hickey. And here, on the first Saturday of the season, was a game of extraordinary

importance, bringing together the Tar Heels and the defending Atlantic Coast Conference champions, the Clemson Tigers.

A near-capacity crowd of 43,000 walked beneath Chapel Hill's magnificent pine and oak and hickory trees to seats in Kenan Memorial Stadium. Those who had picked up copies of the student newspaper, *The Daily Tar Heel*, may have remarked these lines in Editor Davis Young's column:

"... If Hickey is doomed to take the rap for a bad season, then common justice dictates that he get the credit for what is far more likely to happen, namely a good season.

"Tatum is gone. He is the townsman of a stiller town. Hickey is here. He is running the show, and brilliantly. It is *Hickey's team* which will clobber Frank Howard [the Clemson coach] today, and we are going to be there when it happens."

Unfortunately for what must have been a sizable part of that expectant crowd—those who could virtually taste victory beforehand—the happenings of Saturday afternoon came as a very bad jolt.

Frank Howard's opportunistic Sugar Bowl veterans seized a Carolina fumble on the opening kickoff and proceeded 44 yards to a touchdown. They used "that old ugly-looking kind of football" which Howard admires and teaches—an unspectacular ground attack. They pinned Carolina in its own end through the rest of the first quarter and struck again early in the second quarter for a touchdown on a 43-yard drive. Having missed an extra-point kick after the first score Clemson now went for two points, the celebrated Tiger Quarterback Harvey White passing sharply to Halfback Bill Mathis. As it developed this was Clemson's margin of victory, for Carolina eventually matched the enemy touchdown for touchdown but failed to add a single extra point.

Clemson gambled away what seemed to be a certain touchdown in the second quarter after blocking a punt and running it all the way to the Carolina eight-yard line. White inexplicably began passing—trying that "damned exciting football" as Howard ruefully said later. He got nowhere, and then Carolina took advantage of a Clemson fumble to score before half time.

Sticking to old ugly-looking football, Clemson moved 67 yards to yet another touchdown as the second half began. Behind 6 to 20, the Tar Heels not only were not daunted, as they might well have been; they

continued

COLOR OF THE WEEK: NAVY MOVES

It was a day that made you glad to be alive. In Chestnut Hill, Mass., 23,000 sat in the Boston College stadium and saw alert Navy treat its new Coach Wayne Hardin to his first victory—24-8. Here

Photograph by John G. Zimmerman

star of the day Dick Pariveau (47) is stopped by John Amabile (22), BC quarterback, after a good gain. Coming to help is Center Terry Glynn (51); Navy's Joe Matalavage (38) has thrown block.



FOOTBALL continued

scored twice in the last quarter and could have tied Clemson with any kind of luck. The passing of Quarterback Jack Cummings was largely responsible for both touchdowns. The last was scored with just a minute and twenty seconds remaining. Now it was Carolina 18, Clemson 20, and the crowd prayed for two extra points and a tie. Cummings completed a flat pass, but the receiver was stopped cold, the two points were irretrievably lost and time ran out.

On the day before the game a large, moon-faced man tongued a cud of chewing tobacco into an ample cheek, spat carefully, then barged into the dressing quarters near the stadium.

"What are you looking for?" asked a Carolina man.

"I'm looking for Jim Tatum's ghost," said the large, moon-faced man. "I don't mind playing a football team, but I sure would hate to have to play a ghost."

So spoke Frank Howard, getting straightaway to a subject that had been debated endlessly since Tatum's death in late July. If a weekend visitor to Chapel Hill heard once he heard a dozen times, despite the editorial stand of the *Tar Heel*, that "people are saying" this team of destiny would be Jim Tatum's if it won, but the personal responsibility of the new coach, Jim Hickey, if it had a losing season. Howard rightly supposed that Tatum's death had a profound psychological effect on the Carolina team. That feeling was put on paper by the co-captains, Jack Cummings and Wade Smith, in a press-room letter to their teammates.

"We know that no person in Chapel Hill will be so missed as Coach

A SCORE IN THE BAYOUS: In Baton Rouge when they want to have a good time they give the ball to a 210-pound sprinter and shotgunner who wears No. 20 on his uniform. He is Billy Cannon, and he brought joy to the home folk with this 17-yard scoring run that helped LSU's defending national champions gain a 26-3 win over Rice.

HALF A PASS IN COLUMBIA: Missouri's Ed Mehrer (35) advanced six yards against Lion State, injured a lateral to running mate Don Smith (45) would augment the pass, then watched the ball fall short. Smith recovered the fumble, but the Tigers were not able to stop the Nittany Lion's offense and lost 10-0 in overtime at Columbia, Mo., 1968.



Tatum," the letter said, "but deep down there is a mystic feeling that we're sure you all feel—that though in body our coach is gone, his spirit and soul will ride with every one of us throughout this coming season. . . . Notre Dame has its Knute Rockne—Carolina has its 'Sunny Jim' Tatum. Don't lose hope."

HOT SEAT IN CHAPEL HILL

On the day Frank Howard breezed into Chapel Hill, James Benton Hickey strode into a corner office in the Carolina field house and plopped down into the chair recently occupied by Jim Tatum. Around him were mementos of Tatum's remarkable career, which in the years at Maryland and Oklahoma had included three undefeated teams, six bowl games and a national championship.

On the wall behind Hickey was something new—a handsomely printed reproduction of a saying that had come to be famous as Tatum's bedrock philosophy: "Winning is not the most important thing; it is the only thing."

Hickey's own career so far had been as anonymous as Tatum's had been flamboyantly public. It would have taken only a few lines in a coaching Who's Who: Reared in Springdale, Pa., a town near Pittsburgh; played wingback and tailback at William and Mary; coached football at Hampden-Sydney College in Virginia five years; in 1936 joined the Carolina football staff of Jim Tatum, whom he had never met before, upon the urging of a mutual friend; was given a three-year contract as head coach of Carolina exactly four days after Tatum's death.

It was somehow surprising that Jim Hickey seemed completely at ease behind the big, glass-topped desk in Tatum's old office. Small and wiry at 39, he showed neither indecision nor nonsense in his clear blue eyes.

"I'm not trying to be gracious or modest about it," he said, "but nothing could make me happier than having one hell of a season and having Coach Tatum get the credit. As for losing—we'll, let's just say that we're going to do our best to win and let it go at that."

"No, I wasn't scared when they gave me the job. Maybe I was just too dumb to be. Somebody had to take over, and I'd always wanted to be a head coach at a big school, but I certainly never wanted it to happen

continued on page 60



FRUSTRATION IN THE COLISEUM: Unable to get through the Purdue forward wall, UCLA Fullback Al Thompson tried to fly over the Boilermakers in a vain attempt to block fourth-period Purdue kick. Victory eluded both teams in a scoreless contest in Los Angeles Coliseum, but it was an impressive debut for unheralded Bruins.

MEETING IN MILWAUKEE: Dave Walker, Pitt end, intercepted airborne Marquette Fullback Frank Mestink after three-yard gain in nip-and-tuck struggle. Another end, Mike Diska, blocked a punt to set up Pitt's winning score in 21-13 game at Milwaukee—spelling return of Coach Lisle Blackbourn to Marquette from Green Bay.



THE GIANTS' BAD DREAM

Photographs by Hy Pothin



THE BASEBALL, WHITER THAN EVER IN STARK GLARE OF LIGHTS AT SEALS STADIUM, BOUNCES AWAY AFTER DODGERS' JOE PIGNATANO

AS PIGNATANO, SAFELY ON SECOND BASE, WATCHES, SPENCER LANDS HEAVILY ON BACK. HE LOSES HIS GLOVE AND THEN HIS HAT. IN



IT WAS the seventh inning. The Giants led 1-0, the Dodgers had the bases filled, there was one out. The batter hit a ground ball to Third Baseman Jim Davenport, who grabbed the ball and threw hard to second. It looked like an inning-ending double play, but these dramatic pictures, shot by *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's* Hy Pinkin, show what actually happened: a nightmare for the Giants. Just as Second Baseman Daryl Spencer took the throw, the Dodgers' Joe Pignatano slid hard and sent him flying. Spencer lost his cap and glove, and the

ball trickled away onto the infield grass. Spencer fell on his back (see sequence below), rolled over and half crawled, half lunged toward the ball. It seemed as if he was acting out a bad dream. In the eternity of his struggle to retrieve the ball, a run came in, the score was tied and there was still only one out. Then the Dodgers made the nightmare real; they scored four more times in the inning, won the game and tied up the pennant race. Next day they beat the Giants again to grab first place.

FOR THE STORY OF THE PENNANT RACE, TURN PAGE



SLIDES HARD INTO SAN FRANCISCO SECOND BASEMAN DARYL SPENCER. THE ERROR COST GIANTS THE GAME, POSSIBLY THE PENNANT

NIGHTMARISH SEQUENCE HATLESS, GLOVELESS SPENCER STRUGGLES TO HIS KNEES AND, HALF STUNNED, STAGGERS TOWARD BALL





SOUR SPANN (LEFT) STANDS SILENTLY ON MOUND AFTER FIRST-INNING KNOCKOUT

BASEBALL continued

CRAZY PENNANT RACE

by ROY TERRELL

IN THE EVENT that the 1959 National League pennant race is completed before 1960 spring training begins, the time will come when all involved will get a chance to relax and examine the proceedings of these final, frantic weeks with an objective eye.

One discovery they will make is that never did a team lose a game it absolutely had to win. Nor, on the other hand, did a team ever win a game that it could afford to lose. Eventually, of course, probably

sometime this final weekend of the season, one of the three contenders will take it upon itself to win the pennant. It says so in the rule book for one thing, and also it would not be fair to keep the White Sox waiting forever. But through all of last week, in the seven big games the Giants, Dodgers and Braves played with each other on the West Coast, as well as in half a dozen other games they played against ball clubs having no more interest in the pennant race than Mrs. Khrushchev, the strange, unreal pattern persisted.

On Monday morning, with 12 games remaining, the Giants were two games out in front. This cushion enabled the Giants to lose a few more games during the week than the other two, which of course they did. It also would have enabled them to wrap up the whole affair with a few strategic victories, but this apparently was unthinkable. The Braves, on the other hand, never won so many that they were in danger of running off with anything, either. The Dodgers followed suit.

On Monday while San Francisco lost to Cincinnati the Braves beat the Dodgers. On Tuesday the Giants beat the Reds and the Dodgers beat the Braves. On Wednesday the Braves beat the Giants and the Reds beat the Dodgers. On Thursday the Dodgers beat the Reds and the Giants beat the Braves. The Braves finally left California entirely, preferring to spend a few days in Pennsylvania rather than take part any longer in such an affair, and the Dodgers, realizing that San Francisco still had a two-game lead, bopped the Giants in both ends of a Saturday double-header. This really snarled things up.

There was enough baseball excitement during the week to last most fans for a lifetime, and not all of it was due solely to the pennant race. There was also some rather unusual—and occasionally very brilliant—baseball which at any time would stand by itself. Two of the best pitchers in the league, Johnny Antonelli of the Giants and Warren Spahn of the Braves, both trying for their 20th victories, were pounded unmercifully. Two of the league's best hitters, Henry Aaron of the Braves and Orlando Cepeda of the Giants, failed time and again, while a kid with a glove named Maury Wills went wild with a bat for the Dodgers. San Francisco's Jimmy Davenport, a third baseman with an injured knee, hobbled off the bench and onto the field to make plays on one leg that few other third basemen could make on two. Willie Mays made an unbelievable catch.

The Dodgers' Don Drysdale walked the bases full with nobody out in the first inning against the Giants, then struck out the side. The Braves' Don McMahon walked two men in one inning, but the second was with the bases full, and that cost Milwaukee a game. Ed Bailey, the Cincinnati catcher, was thrown out of a game for arguing with an umpire, and his replacement, Dutch Dotterer,

almost ruined the Giants all by himself. Duke Snider, the Dodgers' big slugger, was thrown out of a game for arguing with an umpire, and his replacement, Ron Fairly, proceeded to tear the Braves apart. Giant and Dodger pitchers struck out a total of 22 batters in one game. Willie Mays dropped an easy fly ball. For the first time in more than a year a game was rained out in San Francisco.

If there were key games during the key week that rose above other key games, they occurred in Los Angeles on Tuesday and in San Francisco on Wednesday, on Thursday and on Saturday night. In the first of these, that three-hour-and-56-minute, 10-inning affair that the Dodgers finally won 8-7 from the Braves, there was a little bit of everything. Five Dodger pitchers gave up a total of 16 hits but left 17 Braves on base. Willie hit four singles and a triple. Joe Adcock hit a 251-foot home run that almost grazed the back side of the infamous Coliseum screen on its way down. Four innings later Adcock hit a ball three times as hard, one that was heading into orbit, but which smacked into one of the screen's supporting towers, rattled around in the cross braces for a while and finally fell, to be caught in an overlap of the mesh for a ground-rule double. The Braves were very unhappy about that, insisting it should have been ruled a home run. Managed Fred Haney and General Manager John McHale even wrote a letter to the league president, Mr. Warren Giles, telling him so.

The Dodgers, on the other hand, were very happy. They had won the game by one run, and they knew Mr. Giles wouldn't pay much attention to the letter. They had to win that one to stay in the race.

"Every game is important from here on in," said the Dodger manager, Walter Alston, "but this was sure a nice one to win."

On Wednesday it was the Braves who had to win, for once again they were two games behind. The Giants were very obliging. They swung at everything Lew Burdette threw their way, missed most of it and lost 2-0. Burdette outpitched Sam Jones in a duel of the league's only 20-game winners, the big Milwaukee right-hander turning in one of the masterpieces of his fidgety career. He kept everything low. He gave up only five hits, no two in the same inning and four of them with two men out. He struck out seven and walked only one. His stuff

was so good, whatever it was, that the Giants, to retain their self-respect if nothing else, accused him once again of throwing that nasty pitch, the spitter. Lew just laughed.

"We're playing them one at a time," said Manager Haney, "but this was one we had to win."

On Thursday the Giant cause appeared hopeless. Their lead was down to only one game, the Braves were on the warpath and on the mound was Warren Spahn, who has spent many seasons teaching National Leaguers to eat out of his left hand. Only, on Thursday, Spahn barely got the hand out of the way before it was taken off. He lasted only 18 pitches, gave up three hits, a walk and three runs and didn't get a batter out.

Before the day was over, Willie Mays hit a home run, three singles, walked and drove in five runs; Davenport hit a home run, a single and a sacrifice fly and drove in four runs; Eddie Bressoud hit two singles and a homer; and Willie McCovey contributed, too. Eventually the Giants won 13-6, although Jack Sanford had to have two innings of relief help from Sam Jones (Eddie Mathews, on a rampage, drove in all six Milwaukee runs with two home runs and a towering sacrifice fly).

Later, people said it was the greatest game Willie Mays had ever played

continued on page 67

**FOR A COMPREHENSIVE PREVIEW OF
THE WORLD SERIES, TURN THE PAGE**

WEARY RIDNEY RESTS DEJECTEDLY IN OFFICE AFTER ANOTHER BITTER GIANT LOSS





ONE-TWO PUNCH OF CHICAGO WHITE SOX IS SHOWN HERE AS LEAD-OFF MAN LUIS APARICIO SCAMPERS TOWARD FIRST WHILE NELLIE

WORLD SERIES PREVIEW

WHO TO WATCH AND WHAT TO WATCH FOR

NEXT WEEK, somewhere in this great land of ours, a husband will return home from work and his wife will say to him: "I think Luis Aparicio is cute." The World Series, you see, reaches everyone. While it is being played, America puts aside stock transactions, algebra lessons and vacuum cleaners. All that can wait. The Series comes first.

It would begin in Comiskey Park, home of the Chicago White Sox. That much was certain. But nothing else was. The National League could not possibly produce a winner before the last weekend of the season. The race could even go down to the last day or might require a playoff—which would mean that the Series, scheduled to start next Wednesday, would be delayed.

Ah, confusion! What would the Series show? Would it be the flash of a Willie Mays stolen base, the whip of Henry Aaron's bat or the grace of Gil

Hodges at first base? All three are familiar to October television screens. Sam Jones has a lean and hungry look. Would he be in Chicago? Or would it be Burdette, Lew Burdette, Milwaukee's mean man? Or young Donald Drysdale, that nice-looking kid?

Chicago, its pennant secure, awaits an opponent. If you watch baseball only at World Series time, then you have never seen the White Sox, for they have not won a pennant in 40 years. They have an interesting team, different from most, and you should get to know them. It will make the Series more fun.

There is Nellie Fox, short and aggressive, the senior man on the team. If you are a betting man and your favorite cousin is watching a game with you, bet him that Fox hits the ball every time he swings at it. Fox bats left-handed, crouches over the plate and chokes up at least an inch

on his very thick bat. His swing is short, more of a chopping motion, so most of his hits are singles. Outside pitches are blocked into left field. Pitches down the middle are stroked through the pitcher's mound. Inside pitches are pulled to right. Fox is also a very good bunter, and it is certain he will try to lay one down at least once during the Series. When Fox is standing out at second base and there is a full between pitches you may get a chance to see him reach into his hip pocket and mop his brow with the brightest red handkerchief in the major leagues.

At some point during the Series, Aaron, Mays or Wally Moon is going to hit the ball just wide of the third baseman. Hit, you will think. Then, to your amazement, Luis Aparicio will be there, backhanding the ball and getting it over to first base three steps ahead of the runner. Old baseball men, the ones who are always muttering "The Game isn't what it used to be, are willing to admit they have never seen a better shortstop than the lithe 25-year-old Venezuelan. And neither have you.

You have seen better hitters than Aparicio, and worse ones too. His strongest offensive weapon is his speed, which helps him reach base on bunts, topped rollers and even



FOX WAITS HIS TURN IN ON-DECK CIRCLE

slow ground balls. When he does reach first, he will try to steal second, if not one time then the next, for he did it successfully more than 50 times this season. Incidentally, if the Braves win and Warren Spahn happens to be pitching when Aparicio is on first, the duel should be an exciting one, for Spahn has the smoothest pickoff motion in the National League.

When Aparicio was 5 years old, Early Wynn delivered his first major league pitch. Now, 20 years later, the same Early Wynn (well, not quite the same) prepares to throw the first pitch of the 1959 World Series, Al Lopez willing.

Wynn's career began with Washington, where in nine years he won almost as many games as he lost, good show for any stoic-hearted Senator pitcher. He was traded to Cleveland in 1948, and it was there he became a big winner. In 1954, when the Indians won a record 111 games, Wynn was responsible for 23 of them. He pitched the second game of the World Series that year and lost, the victim of The Miracle of Dusty Rhodes.

The White Sox gambled on Wynn in his 38th year and, after a so-so season in 1958, the barrel-chested Alabamian became a 20-game winner for the fifth time. In doing so he

raised his total victories to 270, highest among active pitchers.

If you can, watch Wynn closely when there is a runner on first against him. Watch him as he watches that runner, his chin raised, his expression haughty. That alone is enough to freeze the opposition.

Wynn throws all the pitches—knucklers, sliders, curves and fast balls—and he keeps the ball high. This is exactly what young pitchers are told not to do. Wynn defies the low-pitch school and gets away with it. His chief asset, however, is his attitude. He never gives in to the batter. Even when he is behind on the count, he throws the pitch he wants to throw, not the one the batter wants to see. It's that attitude which has kept him around so long.

The White Sox will field the biggest man in baseball, 235 pounds of Ted Kluszewski. Baseball's winding trail led massive Klu to the American League and a winner last month after a dozen National League seasons with losers. No longer is he the man who hit 136 home runs in three seasons. He hits mostly singles now, but they helped Chicago in the stretch. Look how close to the plate Klu stands. His right toe almost touches it.

Jim Landis curling the bases in

full flight is a beautiful sight. The young Sox centerfielder can move, and assuming his leg has recovered he should cause some excitement, either on a trip from first to third (and on to home if the outfielder hobbles the ball even slightly) or pulling down a long drive in center.

These men—Fox, Aparicio, Wynn, Kluszewski and Landis—plus the rest of the White Sox team are waiting at Comiskey Park. And while they wait, the rest of the nation can engage in a bit of fantasy. Until one team—Giants, Dodgers or Braves—emerges as the National League winner there would be three World Series. Al Lopez hands his lineup to the umpires and receives three in return, one from Bill Rigney, one from Walt Alton and one from Fred Haney. On the mound, Early Wynn must face Mayk, Aaron and Hodges, all at once. Nellie Fox guards the plate as Drysdale, Burdette and Jones simultaneously fire a sidearm fast ball, a sinker and a curve. He hits a ball, and three shortstops converge on it. The fans, 129,000 of them, go wild.

And then it's over. Only one team can come to Comiskey Park, and whichever one it is, the White Sox will be ready.

—WALTER BINGHAM

BIG BRAVES are Lew Burdette (sitting) and Warren Spahn (no longer bat). Carefree in clubhouse, deadly serious on mound, they have pitched every MLB's entire Series win



WORLD SERIES CRITIQUE

HITTING

No matter which National League team wins the pennant, the White Sox hitters are going to be a bunch of splinters among the oaks. Nothing Chicago has can match the power of Aaron (right), Mathews and Adcock, of Mays, Cepeda and McCovey, or even of Snider, Hodges and Moon. Indeed, Aaron and Mathews together hit almost as many home runs as the entire Sox team. Only Sherm Lollar

hit as many as 20 home runs for Chicago this year. Of course, the National League sluggers may have a harder time reaching the seats at Comiskey Park than they do at home, for the outfield at Chicago is deeper than it is at the other three parks. And should Los Angeles win, some of the White Sox right-handed hitters, like Lollar, Landis, Smith, and even little Aparicio, might knock a ball or two over that left-field screen. The Sox, too, are somewhat weaker than their National League rivals in pinch hitters.



PITCHING

Travel days, or lack of them, will be an important factor in the Series. If a California team wins, there will be two days off, one after the second game, one after the fifth. If Milwaukee wins, the Series will be played on consecutive days. That means Spahn and Burdette will not be able to pitch as often as they did against the Yankees (in two Series against New York, Spahn and Burdette between them

started 11 of the 14 games played). The White Sox, with Wyen (right), the amazing young right-hander Bob Shaw, Southpaw Billy Pierce, once the best pitcher in the league, and the still crafty Dick Donovan, have more starting depth than Milwaukee. San Francisco has its two big winners, Sam Jones and Johnny Antonelli, and with the extra day for travel to and from the Coast, they could start as frequently as Spahn and Burdette did. The Dodgers have a curious staff, a lot of medium-talent pitchers who



FIELDING

If a team could score runs while in the field, the White Sox would do it. Theirs might be called an offensive defense. Since they have to work hard to score runs of their own, they make certain that opponents are regularly robbed of theirs. Fox and Aparicio—you've heard of them—do their sweet dance around second base. Bubba Phillips, when he plays third, plays it well. When Billy Goodman

is there the defense loses a little. It loses at first base, too, when the powerful but virtually immobile Klusazski is there, and that is why Earl Torgeson comes trotting in when the Sox are ahead late in the game. Of the National League infielders, only the Dodgers' can be called good. Charley Neal and young Maury Wills, up from Seattle, form a smooth second-short combination. Hodges at first is still unbeatible in the field. Junior Gilliam has a weak arm, but gets by at third. The Giants have



THE SUM-UP

The White Sox will enter the Series well rested. Not so the National League winner. This will affect Milwaukee and San Francisco especially, since Burdette-Spahn and Jones-

Antonelli will be arm-weary after overuse. The Dodgers have enough depth to come into the Series in good shape. The White Sox this year had little difficulty handling Cleveland. The Indians had hitting and some pitching, but they were poor in the field and slow on the bases. This

description fits Milwaukee. The White Sox speed should force the Braves' defense to give away runs. The White Sox pitching and defense should contain Milwaukee's sluggers. San Francisco will have a better chance because of the travel days off. Jones and Antonelli will be able to pitch more often.

An analysis of the way the World Series should go, based on a comparison of the hitting, pitching and fielding skills of the Chicago White Sox with those of each of the three National League teams they might play

RATING

The Braves are strongest here, with three seasoned swingers in Boone, Vernon and Lopata. The Giants have Alou, Brandt and the renowned Dusty Rhodes, who has been touched with magic again this year. The Dodgers seem to have an endless supply of material in the same lode. Where the White Sox do stand out above the rest is on the bases. Nearly everybody can steal, save Lollar and big Kila. Aparicio is the master, with over 50 stolen bases, and it is reasonable to expect he will run a lot in the Series. Landis

is as fast as anybody in baseball going from first around to home, and Smith, Rivera, Torgerson, McAnany and Phillips can all take the extra base on a single. Two National League clubs, San Francisco and Los Angeles, have good speed, with Mays, Alou, Davenport, Kirkland; Gilliam, Moon, Wills and Neal. Milwaukee, by contrast, is slow, having stolen far fewer bases this season as a team than Aparicio did all by himself. But when you have as much power as the Braves, who has to run?

- 1 BRAVES
- 2 GIANTS
- 3 DODGERS
- 4 WHITE SOX

have had good years together. The exception is Don Drysdale, a pitcher of remarkable ability who has had a streaky, good-and-bad season. A trio of left-handers, Johnny Podres, Danny McDevitt and Sandy Koufax, are all capable of strong games. Roger Craig, the angular right-hander, returned from the minors to give them nine wins they never counted on. All this gives Los Angeles more depth than either of the other two National League clubs. It is true that Bob Buhl of the Braves is a strong No. 3 man,

but behind him lies the great unknown, except for the relief pitcher, Don McMahon. San Francisco backs up its big two adequately with Jack Sanford and 20-year-old left-hander Mike McCormick. For relief, Stu Miller comes in and throws his soft stuff. But it is relief men who give the White Sox a clear pitching edge. Chicago has two good ones: Gerry Staley throws an assortment of knuckle balls and curves, and Turk Lown has a good fast ball for an inning. Al Lopez uses both effectively.

- 1 WHITE SOX
- 2 DODGERS
- 3 GIANTS
- 4 BRAVES

a gymnastic third baseman in Jim Davenport, the best in the league. But their double-play combination of Ed Bressoud and Daryl Spencer is far below that of Chicago's, and McCovey plays first only because he can hit. Milwaukee has never recovered from the loss of Red Schoendienst. And with Johnny Logan ailing, the Braves have been making do with Bobby Avila and Felix Mantilla at second and short. Eddie Mathews plays third base well; Joe Adcock plays first base. Of the four outfields,

San Francisco's rates highest, with Mays (*left*), Cepeda and Willie Kirkland. When Jackie Brandt plays left field (with Cepeda moving to first), the outfield is the fastest in the majors and its arms are the strongest. Ranking the catchers is difficult. Del Crandall is regarded by most people as the best, but the Giants will swear by their Hobie Landrith. John Roseboro has improved immeasurably, the Dodgers say, while the White Sox know Sherm Lollar is the best in the American League.

- 1 WHITE SOX
- 2 DODGERS
- 3 GIANTS
- 4 BRAVES

But so will Wynn and Shaw. The Giants have more speed and defense than the Braves but not as much as Chicago. A Series between the White Sox and Giants should be close. Chicago seems to win that kind. In many ways Los Angeles is like Chicago. Each team has depth. Each steals bases.

Each led its league in fielding. Los Angeles has better hitting (and the White Sox pitchers have never had to work with that Coliseum screen behind them). The White Sox seem to have trouble beating teams that play White Sox-type baseball. The Dodgers play that type of ball.

- SOX OVER BRAVES
- DODGERS OVER SOX
- SOX OVER GIANTS

SPECTACLE

Photographed by Fred Baldarín

Rodeo in the Land of the Midnight Sun

**Sure-footed Lapland ropers brave
the hoofs and horns of more
than 10,000 reindeer during an
autumn roundup in the hill
country of northern Sweden**

THE MAN at the right, threading his way through a forest of tossing horns, is a Lapland roper searching out the animals which will sustain him and his family through the coming winter. He is a mountain Lapp who, like other members of his race living in northern Sweden, depends on the reindeer for hides, meat, income and horsepower.

Each fall the ropers and their families from all districts gather in crude hamlets to accomplish the tremendous job of culling over herds as large as 12,000 animals. Earthen huts house the herdsman during the time of the roundup. A large corral, braced and lashed without the use of a single nail in its construction, dominates the village. Beyond, the endless countryside, dotted with reindeer, rolls away into the distance.


As the roundup begins, young deer must be caught and their ears notched for future identification. Older bulls are castrated for draught work. Prime breeding stock is shunted aside and the remaining animals slaughtered for hides and meat to sustain the families.

The captured animals driven into the corral mill about in tight circles. The roper, agile as any matador, works his way through the confined herd. The beat of their hoofs is soft thunder on the frozen dirt, steam from their bodies melting the snow underfoot to slush. The splendor of an arctic sunset highlights the animals and the roper as he makes his way toward his target. Then a quick cast and he yanks his struggling quarry out to fulfill its purpose in the coming year.

Searching the herd for identifying ear notches marking his animal, a Lapp herder gets ready to cast his lasso into the milling reindeer.







Circling in a glowing autumn sunset, high above the Arctic Circle, newly corralled reindeer plunge wildly around a herder who, rope in hand, stands ready to lasso one with his mark.



Tugging against lasso tied to its horns, tethered reindeer bucks wildly as a young Lapp herd girl moves in to quiet it.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Changeover

THERE are the times that try men's souls. The summer sailor and the sunshine golfer will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of his favorite sport, but he that stands it now...

No sports-minded Thomas Paine was on hand to cry this Common Sense of the changing seasons last week as the U.S., still limp from a summer-long heat wave, moved onward into the first chill winds of autumn, but from all over the U.S., SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's correspondents stood ready with reports of the seasonal change of heart on the sporting scene.

"There has been a defiant southwester blowing here for the last couple of days," wired Dean Brelis from Boston. "It blew away the last elements of summer from the local scene and gave the sailing places a tired look. Natives left behind by the departing summer people in places like North Haven, Maine and Orleans, Mass. were feeling in a better humor. Their favorite bars were open to them again and a man could walk down Main Street without living out a lifetime of wondering if he could ever make the five blocks from Dawson's Country Grocery to Mabel Glugeth's Package Store. Bungalows so much lived in over the past three months now look seaward with a bleak, gone-away look, and canvas now covers boats hauled up in yards. From Searsport to Point Judith, professional fishermen are enjoying a privacy that makes the stiffening wind something to relish. But if natives along the coast are just now finding the annual privacy that comes with the end of summer, the reverse is happening in Vermont and New Hampshire, where the first light snow has already settled on mountain tops,

where the tourist invasion is yet to begin. 'It's going to be a great skiing winter,' the natives are telling each other."

"High in the Rocky Mountains, along the jagged backbone of the continent," runs the report from Bar-

ron Beshoar in Denver, "the first heavy frosts of autumn are turning the jittery aspen groves into splashes of glittering gold, and the first fat, wet snowflakes are beginning to fall on the high passes, making rich promises

eastward



"That looks more like the way to play manager in the World Series, I guess, but would they ever believe it's me—Al Lopez?"

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

to the skiing hordes of the coming winter.

"The elk are still high on the treeless ridges and big black-nosed timber bucks stalk boldly across their alpine meadows, but the does, mindful of the season, are beginning to lead their fawns to winter feeding grounds in the sheltered valleys.

"The tumbling trout streams are still open to fishermen but the vast majority are putting away their tackle until spring. Lures are being sorted and boxed; creels are being washed out and their straps are getting coats of neat's-foot oil before going, with the newly varnished rods, into storage for the winter. But as one season replaces another, so one sport follows another in the Rocky Mountain playgrounds, and hunters are already busily cleaning and oiling their guns in anticipation of the shooting seasons to come."

"Every weekend now," reports Lenny Anderson from the northwest corner of the nation, "more boats are laid up for the winter. Among the horde of Puget Sound boatmen, the urge for cruising has subsided and the time for caulking and painting and planning next season's voyages is at hand, but not all the sailors are ready to quit. Seattle's Corinthian Yacht Club has a full off-season schedule of frostbite races still to sail and the dauntless Outboard Cruising Club is making ready for its annual foul-weather cruise up the Snohomish River on September 27.

"A stubborn cove of diaphans still refuse to relinquish their water skis though most of the skiers are quitting the lakes to await the coming of snow

in the nearby mountains. Ski tows at Mount Baker, Mount Rainier and Snoqualmie Pass will not start operating until Thanksgiving, but a small advance guard will head for the hills with the first snow, tow or no."



"In Florida," reports Edwin Pope from Miami, "the change of season means only that the game limit on tourists' pocketbooks is lifted. You can get a good sunburn golfing in Florida all the year round but it costs just double in winter."

In Texas, according to Jimmy Banks, the favorite new sport is howling, a game conducted in air-conditioned immunity to all seasonal change. But even howling was feeling the impact of autumn. "Boy," moaned one gloomy alley proprietor in Austin last week as the crisp, clear weather lured would-be customers away by the score, "will I be glad when the weather's terrible."

Fellow Traveler

AN hour or so before Nikita Khrushchev made his way through New York's Pennsylvania Station last week a commuting sportsman of our acquaintance threaded his way through the station himself—and with, he lets us know, a sudden sense of personal apprehension. The feeling

mounted as he realized that police and security guards were already taking their positions on all sides. His mind flooded with the conviction that strong hands would fall on him at any moment. As he walked, he mentally rehearsed the story he would tell. But the story never got told. Despite the extra precautions taken by the police throughout the city that day, despite the milling and curious crowds, despite the general air of furtive expectancy that lurked on all sides, our sportsman got all the way to his office without anybody challenging him at all. And this was odd because, under his arm, only slightly concealed in its carrying case, the fellow was carrying a 12-gauge pump shotgun.

Nice Guy in First

IT COMES hard for a manager to find the right words to say on winning a pennant, and it is plainly even more difficult to find the right words on losing one. Leo Durocher long ago set the pattern for portentous managerial pronouncements with his grim axiom that nice guys finish last, and the power of the ill-considered word at the end of the season was amply demonstrated last week by the flare-up in Cleveland, where Manager Joe Gordon resigned after a critical blast by Frank Lane (see page 33). News of a sort therefore lay in the fact that nothing but high praise for Al Lopez attended the triumph of the White Sox in clinching the American League pennant, the burden of it being, of course, that he was a nice guy, and he won.

Genius was only one of the words showered over the name of Al Lopez in the sport pages, along with sagacious, wise, good, kindly, friendly, nice, pleasant, wealthy, rich, frugal, sensible, honest, good-hearted, smart, intelligent, unaffected and good-looking. Even the San Francisco Chronicle, managing to tear itself away from the Giants for a moment, reported tersely: "Al Lopez is a nice guy."

This paragon among baseball managers last week sat at his littered desk in his windowless office in Comiskey Park, where he had been opening one congratulatory letter after another,

They Said It

CHARLEY BLACK, former fight manager and friend of Cus D'Amato, after admitting at a New York State Athletic Commission hearing that he had been fixed three times for making book during the 1940s: "I had to make book in those days—there was hungry."

FRANK HOWARD, Clemson football coach, after 20-18 victory over North Carolina, on difficulties of recruiting a squad with sufficient depth because of higher academic requirements: "When those Russians shot that Sputnik up there they played hell with college football."

and allowed himself to be drawn out about the White Sox strategy and its meaning. Last July, when the neck-and-neck race with Cleveland had already lasted three months, Lopez laid it down that the White Sox could win only by constant pressure exerted by a light, fast team against more powerful opponents. Without one consistent long ball hitter, they had to depend on tight pitching, breaks, speed and plain audacity. "We keep moving and keep the pressure on the other team," he said. "They know they have to rush their plays. The more they rush, the more likely it is they will make an error. With our speed, an error means another base or maybe a run."

But the summer's question soon became: Could the White Sox survive their own frenetic pace and not become frantic themselves? "Well," said Lopez last week, opening a chink in his composed exterior, "it seems to me that I'm the only one who is tight and nervous. I feel it in my stomach, but I try to keep it to myself. Everybody else seems loose and easy. They joke and whistle. I just don't say anything." Preaching audacity to his players, always audacity, he had to maintain an air of benign composure himself, and the combination of long chances on the diamond and good nature in the dugout created something new in the business. Only a neo guy could have done it.

"Winning and developing young players are the rewarding things about managing," Lopez said. "First of all comes winning. But it gives you a mighty good feeling to think you've helped a young man become a better ballplayer." With his temperance, the hardest part of managing is his isolation from the men. He used to play cards with them, but now stays pretty much by himself, goes to movies and reads a lot. He was reading *Lady Chatterley's Lover* when the White Sox clinched the pennant. Somebody told him it was a good book, and he heard so much controversy that he decided to see for himself. What was his opinion of it? With typical Lopez mildness, he thought it over and concluded, "I think it's a nice book."



"It isn't whether you win or lose, it's how you play the game that counts."

Re-enter Leo

IF the National League's agonizing three-way stretch did not leave enough baseball unresolved last week, there was additional speculative fun to be had elsewhere. Supplying some of that was Joe Gordon, manager of the second-place Cleveland Indians, who, with a "You can't fire me, I quit," took leave of his job and his terrible-tempered boss, Frank Lane. Supplying the rest was Leo Durocher, who suddenly up and announced he was quitting his lavishly greenbacked (\$65,000 plus expenses) sports-casting job with NBC and heading back to the game.

Where Gordon would go, said the insiders, was to Detroit, and Jimmy Dykes, already there, would probably go back to Pittsburgh as a coach. Where Durocher would go just might be Cleveland, but any substantial evidence was harder to find than the hair on Leo's pate. Frank Lane, who talked to Durocher in Pittsburgh where Leo was doing a Pirates-Reds telecast, said both of them had more than one bat in the rack and no decision would be reached until this week. What Durocher was also thinking about may have been San Francisco. Support for that thesis comes not

from San Francisco but from Los Angeles, Leo's home town. There, they are saying, quoting the NBC water-cooler set, that Owner Horace Stoneham some time ago addressed Durocher like this: "Leo, you gotta help me. I don't think Rig [Manager Bill Rigney] is going to win the pennant." Or Leo may be considering Branch Rickey's suggestion that he join the warmps of the Continental League. Or just as likely, he may be holding out for the best offer that turns up.

While Leo was minding hiship, Mrs. Leo, the pretty half of the Durocher team, who is better known as Laraine Day, was minding their \$250,000 Beverly Hills dugout. Where does Mr. Durocher hope to find work next, she was asked. "Mr. Durocher makes his own decisions," Laraine answered. "What he says is up to him." You were once quoted as saying that if he went back to baseball, he must have a slight hole in his head, she was told. "I was wholly misquoted," she said.

A young boy who admired Mr. Durocher as a baseball manager (New York Giants and Brooklyn Dodgers) once said: "I liked him because he used to kick dirt on the umpire's pants." Leo is still capable of clouding issues, but it was pretty clear

continued

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

through the week's dust that seven ball clubs in one of the major leagues are going to have an old-fashioned leonine Durocher club clawing at them in 1960.

A Most Unhappy Velella

ACCORDING to a cynical doctrine known as Begun's Law, there are three sides to every story: my side, your side and the truth. Begun's Law is named after its promulgator, Jack Begun, a Chicago wise guy who may have said it first.

Last week in New York, Begun's Law got a public workout during the State Athletic Commission's belated hearing into what it grandly calls "Alleged Irregularities in the Conduct of the Promotion of the Patterson-Johansson World's Heavyweight Championship Contest."

This magazine first published Bill Rosensohn's side of the irregularities, which the contrite promoter subsequently told the New York grand jury in amplified form and again recounted to the boxing commission in all its sordid detail last week. Vincent J. Velella, the alternately truculent and soulful East Harlem mouthpiece who controls two-thirds of Rosensohn Enterprises, Inc., told his side to the grand jury and last week recounted it to the boxing commission in all its innocent lack of detail.

The Velella and Rosensohn stories were preposterously contradictory and, at first, it was hard to say which of them, if either, was the truth. But as the testimony unfolded last week in the commission's green chamber off Broadway, Rosensohn's side began to sound more like the third side in Begun's Law.

The major differences between the two accounts involve the roles of East Harlem Mobster Tony (Fat) Salerno and Charley Black, an intimate of Gus D'Amato's and a witness pathetically torn by old loyalties. Rosensohn contends that Salerno, using Velella as his front, and Black were partners in the promotion with him. Velella and Black admit knowing Salerno but deny that he was a partner. Black also denies that he was ever a partner.

Velella, who has admitted to New York District Attorney Frank S. Hogan that he lied to "puff" himself up when he once said publicly that he had lent Rosensohn \$10,000 (the money was Salerno's, according to Rosensohn) was an evasive, forgetful and whimsical witness. But in response to the dogged and thorough examination of Commission Counsel James P. Fuccas, he did make several righteous assertions, two of which backfired devastatingly.

Velella reiterated that he had never made a loan of \$10,000 to Rosensohn and denied that Charley Black was a partner in a company called All-Star Sports, a predecessor to Rosensohn Enterprises, Inc. He was unaware, however, that Rosensohn, cooperating with the district attorney, had consented to have a conversation between Velella and himself recorded on tape. The recording, which was made before a stockholders' meeting of Rosensohn Enterprises in New York's Manhattan Hotel on July 31, was played at the hearing and Velella was heard acknowledging in it that he had, indeed, lent Rosensohn \$10,000 and that Charley Black was a partner in All-Star Sports.

Velella's explanation of the discrepancies between what he had just told the commission and what the tape revealed him as saying was that he was trying to "steam" Rosensohn

up, that "I may have said it in a sarcastic way," that "I may have used a poor choice of English."

Ingemar Johansson, who is scheduled to visit Detroit this week, has signed with Rosensohn Enterprises (Vincent J. Velella, two-thirds owner) to promote his rematch with Floyd Patterson. Ingemar says he has an agreement that if investigations show that anyone connected with the promotion "is illegal or a gangster he will be thrown out." We urge Ingemar to read over the transcripts of the commission hearings in the light of Begun's Law.

No. 8

A STUMPY MAN with a large No. 8 on the back of his pinstripe baseball flannels stood before a home plate microphone at Yankee Stadium last week. Behind him was clustered a semicircle of gifts just presented to him during the 55-minute ceremony marking his "Day." There were a new station wagon, certificates for trips to Italy and Bermuda and for a swimming pool, a color television set, lawn furniture, suits, hats, gladiolus bulbs, a pool table, a sewing machine, a rifle, cuff links, watches and more certificates, one for a course of dance lessons. Photographers autographed a baseball for him. The umpires, in unexpectedly genial recognition of his chronic second-guessing of them, called him "the last of the playing umpires." And Ted Williams of the Red Sox gave him fishing gear, possibly hoping for an ungling partner.

Then it was No. 8's turn to say thank you, in a short little speech he had been rehearsing anxiously to teammates for days, wanting to get it just right. He took the microphone with a smile that almost became a laugh and let the words tumble out.

"Until now everything was fine," he said. "I was enjoying myself and I hope you were too. On behalf of myself and my family I want to thank each and every one of you, not just for the wonderful gifts, but for showing up. God bless you all." Applause rolled across Yankee Stadium, Lawrence Peter Berra, 34, wiped his eyes and turned his head away. **END**



Head Man

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He designed a better
Moosetrap play

—BARNEY HUTCHINSON



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obert the Bruce arrives at the field
of Bannockburn ~~~~~

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WORLD SERIES FOR VVVVIPS

THE LAST TIME you looked in on

Bill Veeck, bluish-entertainment-loving soul, the ebullient president of the Chicago White Sox might easily have been holding a milking contest for baseball players in the middle of Comiskey Park or conducting a descent of midgets, via helicopter, as if to signify what might happen to baseball if the men from Mars, or some other outriders of a fourth major league, should suddenly arrive on this planet. But, if you will remember, Veeck has usually kept his fundamental principles crisp. "A ball park should be run for the fans," says Veeck, defending a consumer-first philosophy as open as his shirt collar.

The news is that Bill Veeck has been thinking about the World Series, which opens in his ball park in a few days, and he has thought up a ticket procedure which entitles him to call the Chicago phase of the Series "The

World Series of the Common Fan."

The custom, of course, has been for pennant-winning teams to sell Series tickets in blocks on a first-come-first-served basis. This is administratively easy, says Veeck, but unfair to the average fan because it turns the Series too much into a sporting event for the corporations that get to the windows fastest with the mostest in behalf of customer-guests whose entertainment can be written off on expense accounts. And what about the fellow who has boiled in the bleachers through the summer and would like to get just one ticket? Veeck mourns for him and promises that things will be different in Chicago. Here is what he has done.

First Veeck has limited each ticket order to a maximum of two seats for one game only. Then, using a survey taken during the regular season of where Sox fans come from, he is al-

locating a percentage of tickets to each area of White Sox fandom (South Side Chicago, North Side, suburbs, etc.) based on this-season attendance. Ticket applications (more than 300,000 so far) are being classified by area and will next be drawn from baskets, lottery fashion, by an 11-man, Veeck-selected citizens' committee which includes in its membership Richard A. Ashton, president of the Continental Illinois Bank and Trust Co., Ben Amsterdam, a retired streetcar conductor, and, it says here, William V. Kahler, president of the University of Chicago. South Side fans make up 63% of White Sox fandom, Veeck figures; so the South Side gets 65% of the tickets.

What about VIPs? Says Veeck, and we cheer: "The vvvvips, the very, very, very, very important persons, are the ones who supported the team all season."

ENO



SMILING BILL VEECK WATCHES 80-YEAR SOX FAN BEN AMSTERDAM PICK WORLD SERIES TICKET ORDER FOR FILLING

WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT



OPENING DAY CROWD OF 41,000 COMFORTABLY SETTLED IN \$33 MILLION AQUEDUCT, NEW YORK'S FIRST NEW THOROUGHBRED TRACK IN

A GREAT DAY FOR THE RACE

ON A MELLOW day last week New York City's legions of racegoers traveled a dozen miles out to Long Island for the opening of brand-new Aqueduct, the state's long-awaited dream track—and had themselves an afternoon glittering with competition. Aqueduct proudly displayed its three

new courses—dirt, grass and steeplechase—and welcomed the customers to pastel lounges, bars and betting windows. As at all fall racing openers, models fashioned the season's styles, and the ladies of the clubhouse box area put on a rival if unofficial show of their own. (Chief notes: a return

of the Garbo-like slouch hat; suits and coats in raspberry tweed.) And in an even more notable rarity, Governor Nelson Rockefeller turned out for a glimpse of the racing, awarded first-race trophies. He let every track fan and voter in the place know he was there by standing out front and

PAIR OF MODELS (LEFT) HAD TO SETTLE FOR PHOTO FINISH WITH MRS. HENRY ITTLESON JR. AND MRS. W. JOSHUA BARNEY (RIGHT) WHO





MORE THAN HALF A CENTURY, WATCHES A FLEET OF 11 SWEEP AROUND CLUBHOUSE TURN IN INITIATION OF TRACK'S BROAD GRASS COURSE

Photographs by Richard Meeb

delivering his fighter's salute, for all the world as if he were in the presidential paddock, dreaming of a race of his own. He could also have been saying thank you. At week's end, more than \$16 million had been bet at Aqueduct, the state's share of which came to just over \$1,600,000.

KNEW WHAT TO WEAR AND HOW TO WEAR IT



GOVERNOR ROCKEFELLER, ON HAND FOR DEDICATION, GAVE CROWD OF VOTERS BIG SALUTE



OFF THE BEACH, MATCHING JACKETS WILL COVER UP THE BIKINIS REVEALED AT RIGHT

SHAPE-UP FOR '60

CALIFORNIA, which pioneered such oddities as dark glasses and Hula-Hoops for the rest of the U.S., sent forth an alert on a fresh frontier last week. The word: the bikini, conceived more than a decade ago in the Old World, has now achieved a beachhead in the New. The beachhead is, of course, southern California, and while the bikini does not yet have the U.S. swimsuit situation fully in hand you can watch for it to spread out into the hinterlands in 1960. How can you tell? Well, following custom, the big swimsuit manufacturers showed their winter-resort styles in California last week, and as these pictures show, about the only question left to the consumer is: Do you want an authentic Riviera model or a more conservative brevity known as "a bikini with a conscience"?

Photographs by Christa

RAREST BIKINIS OF ALL WERE "BOLO" AND "KOKKE" FROM JANTZEN, CALTEX "RIVIERA"



ON THE BEACH, California models show seven manufacturers' market-bound versions of bikinis for the more conservative



From left: Catalina's Hip Hugger of cotton ticking, John Walter's diaper suit of seersucker by Elton, Jantzen's Bashful (a modestly skirted counterpart of its Bold as left), a Rose Marie Reid knit

suit which adjusts with bra and trunk tabs, a striped cotton from Cole. At top: a back-dipping elasticized faille from Caltex and a decorous home-gun cotton from Elizabeth Stewart.



POISED PERILOUSLY OVER WATER, HANS FOGH (AT HELM) AND OLE PETERSEN (IN "TRAPEZE") SHOOT THEIR FAST BOAT "SKUM"

A DANGLE OF DANES

Not so far from that part of the Danish coast on which Hamlet, the Prince of Denmark, looked down in melancholy from Elsinore, two sailors who seem intent on getting their breeches wet are shown racing toward a finish line off Copenhagen in their Flying Dutchman. Hans Fogh (left) is hiking out, supported only by ankle



INTO LEAD OVER REST OF FLEET DURING A RACE OFF COPENHAGEN FOR POPULAR FLYING DUTCHMAN CLASS PLANING HULLS

straps, and Ole Petersen is hung precariously in a "trapeze," countering the tendency of the boat to tilt sideways and, in consequence, slow down. At the point in the race shown above, Hans and Ole were in the lead. Then the wind died suddenly. Hans and Ole fell in the water, thereby recalling Horatio's warning (*Hamlet*,

Act I), "What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord?", and also Laertes' lament (Act IV), "Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia." However, by acting with un-Hamletlike alacrity, the boys got their boat righted, bailed and sailing in time to finish first and become, for the moment, most unmelancholy Danes.

DESERVEDLY THE NEW CHAMPION

In one of the most exciting matches in the history of championship golf, audacious Jack Nicklaus won the U.S. Amateur from defending champion Charlie Coe

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

THE HIGHEST golf course in the U.S. used to be, and probably still is, a nine-hole layout in Cloudcroft, N. Mex., 9,000 feet above sea level. The highest course of championship quality is somewhat lower. This is Broadmoor, 70 miles south of Denver and roughly 6,400 feet above sea level. Below and to the east of Broadmoor's heaving slopes lies a flat, brown, upland plain. Directly to the west, thrusting themselves up almost vertically and towering over the green fairways, are Cheyenne Mountain and the other junior peaks which form a foothill range of the Rockies. When the sun is shining, which it generally is in September, these jagged, fir-dotted upsurges of stone gleam salmon-pink and beckoning as one looks up at them, breathing the thin mountain air, and realizing with pleasure that this is where the West really begins.

Last week the 59th National Amateur championship was held at Broadmoor, and it produced a final every bit as spectacular as the setting. It brought together two very strong and appealing personalities, Charlie Coe and Jack Nicklaus. A 35-year-old oil broker from Oklahoma, Coe, the defending champion, has been known to the sports world for a full decade now as a superbly gifted golfer and one of the game's finest competitors. Nicklaus, a towheaded junior from Ohio State, is, understandably, a newer face, but he has been coming like the wind. This year, in addition to starring on the Walker Cup team which Coe captained, Nicklaus has

used his powerful, almost overwhirling play, reminiscent of the young Lawson Little, to earn victories in the North and South and the Trans-Mississippi championships.

A RUSH OF BIRDS

The 4,000 spectators who witnessed the Nicklaus-Coe final are not likely ever to see a better or a more exciting golf match. It started with a tremendous rush when Coe led off with three straight birdies which gained him only a one-hole lead, since Nicklaus also birdied the second and third holes. Right then and there the imprint of the match was set. It maintained its quality and grew in tension and authentic drama all day long with hardly a moment's letup as Coe carefully forged a 2-up lead in the morning with a 2-under-par 69, was caught by Nicklaus at the 21st, moved out in front again with a birdie on the 24th, was overhauled once more on the short 30th, fell behind for the first time on the 32nd and then came back to square the match on the long 35th, where Nicklaus hooked his tee shot into comparative Indian country, the one error the young bull of a boy made throughout the afternoon.

All even, then, coming to the home hole. The 18th at Broadmoor, 430 yards long, is a dogleg to the right, with a small pond intersecting the fairway halfway between the large upslping green and the crown of the fairway where the well-placed tee shot will finish. Coe, with the honor, played his drive into perfect position. Nicklaus followed with an equally

fine drive perhaps two or three yards longer. Coe elected to play an eight-iron to the pin set well to the rear of the green, 20 feet from the back apron. He hit the shot crisply and on line, but it was a shade too long and the ball trickled over the back apron and into the clumpy rough at the base of a small bank. Here was a great chance for Nicklaus, and the young man seized it with a magnificent shot, a nine-iron that was on the flag all the way and which rolled up the green to within nine feet of the cup. With his work really cut out for him, Coe took a few tugs at his bright red Oklahoma U. football coach's cap (which his friend Bud Wilkinson had given him) and then got the feel of his sand-iron in his fingers. He lobbed the ball delicately onto the back edge of the green. It came rolling slowly, slowly, toward the cup, dead toward it. On the very edge it stopped, literally one turn away. Coe and Nicklaus exchanged knowing smiles, and then Nicklaus began working on the crucial nine-footer which would mean the match or extra holes. It was not an easy putt, slightly uphill with a faint left-to-right break near the hole. He stroked it into the middle and became, so deservedly, our new amateur champion.

Over the straining 35 holes Jack Nicklaus was 2 under par—and a few further words about Broadmoor will help you to appreciate the full merit of this performance. Because of its altitude, the course presents a rather special test of golfing skill. Though it measures some 7,010 yards, it plays quite a bit shorter—say, 6,700 yards—because the ball travels farther in the rarefied air than under normal conditions. Some acclimatization is needed before a golfer, studying his approach shot to one of the many plateaued greens, gains the knack of selecting the right iron—one club or maybe two less than the one he would have chosen going by his perception of distance alone. Next, he must learn to drop the ball softly on the huge, every bit as slick as Scottish, greens. And they are tricky, to say the least. Assimilating the basic knowledge that the break is generally away from the mountains is only the beginning of reading them and playing them correctly. The real toll, even on an apparently uncomplicated putt that would require only a glance at sea level, is determining whether it is really uphill or just appears to be, whether it will break two inches or

two feet and just how softly it needs to be tapped to cruise the slippery surface and die near the cup should it miss it.

For the first three days of the Amateur, as the field of 200 pared itself down to 16 over the first four rounds of 18-hole match play, perfect Zane Grey weather obtained. On the morning of Thursday, the fourth day, it suddenly changed authorship. A pure Alfred Hitchcock cloud of mist settled over the course. As the morning wore on, the air became bitter cold and the fog grew thicker until at some moments visibility was limited to 50 yards. As he teed up to go out with Nicklaus in the morning's last match, Dave Smith of Gastonia, N.C., dourly observed, "I wouldn't send my mother-in-law out to plow in weather like this."

ADVANCING THROUGH THE FOG

In any event, 16 players vanished into the fog, eight winners returned, stoked themselves with something hot and then trudged out again under vaguely clearing skies for the quarter-finals. In this round Nicklaus eliminated the able Dick Yost. Gene Andrews defeated Charley Harrison of Georgia 1 up, 20-year-old Dudley Wysong from North Texas State edged by 50-year-old Spee Goldman (who was an amateur finalist a quarter of a century ago) and Coe defeated Bill Hyndman 2 up. The Coe-Hyndman duel, I would venture, was nothing less than the most brilliant 18-hole match played in the Amateur, at least since the war. It is deserving of a report in itself, but suffice it to remark here that Coe stood 5 up after corralling five birdies over the first 11 holes and was far from being home safe. Over the next five holes he played four absolutely solid pars and one bogey, and lost four of these holes. Hyndman simply wrenching them away with one peerless stroke after another, as he can do in those purple moods of his. On the 18th, 1 down, Hyndman cut his tee shot into the heavy rough, and it was all over when he could not carry the pond with his second and Coe planted his next to the flag.

The good weather returned in force for the semifinals. Coe, opposing young Wysong in the upper half of the draw, got off fast and was never truly in trouble. In the lower half, against the astounding Gene Andrews, Nicklaus was—in spades. A 46-year-old insurance man who won the



COE'S CONQUEROR, a blond, lucky, 180-pound, 6-foot junior at Ohio State, 6'11" now struck aside his golf clubs for four months and concentrate on his college studies in pharmacy. Nicklaus is determined to remain an amateur and become the first one since Johnny Goodman in 1933 to win the National Open championship.

Public Links championship in 1954, Andrews is an amazing character: he is painstaking enough to chart every hole and every green in a notebook before a tournament; he is uninhibited enough to wear a wide-brimmed banana planter's hat and to carry his own oxygen tank to Broadmoor; and, as a golfer, he is so capable and dogged that in the North and South final

he never let Nicklaus get away and was not beaten until the 35th. Their hard match turned on two greens, the 30th and 35th. On the 30th Gene lost a chance to go 2 up when he three-putted from 20 feet. On the 35th Nicklaus, now guarding a one-hole lead, held it by holing an "impossible" 25-footer over a ridge and

continued

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NEW CHAMPION continued

down a severe grade, the ghosting ball riding a right-to-left break just above the cup and toppling in. In this manner Coe and Nicklaus, co-favorites from the start, made their way to the final and there fought their memorable battle, a match in which both played with great heart and command.

BOLD AND BURLY

The man who won, Jack Nicklaus, will surely be a major force in American golf for many years to come. Nineteen years and seven months old, the youngest player in 50 years to win the Amateur, he has the poise of a veteran. In a way, he is one. He first broke 70 when he was 12, and two years later began his annual habit of qualifying for the Amateur. Furthermore, he has qualified for the Open three times. He is a very exciting player to watch. He bashes his tee shots with everything he has, plays his irons with great boldness right at the stick and, especially for so burly a youngster, has an unusually sensitive touch on the greens (which appears to have been enhanced a good deal since May when Ben Sayers' shop in North Berwick made him a copy of the old wooden-shafted Scottish putter used by his Walker Cup foursomes partner, Ward Wettlaufer.

Extremely direct in manner and quite youthful in the artless way he expresses his confidence, Jack sometimes impresses people meeting him for the first time as a rather brash kid. When you have seen a bit more of him, you know what a thoroughly likable young fellow he is—confident indeed but with a wonderfully outgoing nature and, for all his precocity, a very good idea of what the important things are. In this regard, he owes a tremendous lot to his father, Charles Nicklaus, a Columbus, Ohio pharmacist who has encouraged and accompanied his son every step of the way but, unlike most sports and stage fathers, has never pushed him, coached him or chosen to invade even a corner of the spotlight.

I think it might also be right to add that our new champion is fortunate also in having as a model a fellow like Charlie Coe, who came so fantastically close to becoming the first three-time winner of the National Amateur since Bobby Jones and who is every bit the guy that he is the golfer.

END

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Next stop California

Jamin's victory at Roosevelt Raceway postpones his triumphant return to France

JEAN RIAUD, an affable, talented young Frenchman, came to this country two months ago with a 6-year-old horse named Jamin, who, Riaud was certain, was the best trotter in the world. After only two races here, he just about persuaded skeptical Americans that he is right.

In that short time Riaud has also forced U.S. horsemen to reconsider some of their long-held ideas about training harness horses. In brief, Riaud trains Jamin ridiculously lightly by our standards. It is hardly worth dignifying most of Jamin's workouts with stop-watch timing: the horse apparently jogs along at whatever easy pace fits his mood. And this, of course, is in sharp contrast to the rigorous training methods we use.

Jamin's first race here was the International Trot at Roosevelt Raceway on August 1. He had not raced for a month, and he would have been far more at ease on a mile track, with the wide turns and long straightaways that are familiar to him, rather than on Roosevelt's half-mile. Yet he trotted away from the field in a brilliant stretch drive.

A month later, without any intervening races to keep him tight (another long-cherished notion), Riaud took Jamin out on the Hambletonian track at Du Quoin, Ill., in a tentative attempt to break two minutes for the mile. Before the trial, Billy Haughton, one of our very best horsemen, said: "If I trained Trader Horn [Haughton's great trotter] the way Riaud trains Jamin, I don't think he'd beat 2:05." So Jamin, competing only against the clock, went out and trotted the fastest mile of the year, 1:58 4/5, with only the gentlest of urging from Riaud.

Last Friday, back again at Roosevelt, Jamin faced a full field of seven American horses for the first time, in the American Trotting Championship.



Riaud, who has thoroughly enjoyed his stay in this country and who has charmed our trotting people with his Gallic wit and manner, confessed before the race to an added incentive: "If Jamin does not race well, we will go back to France next week. If he makes the good race—he does not have to win, you understand—I think we will stay here and race in California. It is the only chance of my life to see California. Also, on the mile track at Hollywood Park, you will see Jamin at his best."

On the track, Riaud again demonstrated his confidence in Jamin, as he had in the International. Fourth with more than a half mile to go, he took his trotter to the outside and raced there the rest of the way. What this means, simply, is that he would not risk being boxed in by taking the easy

route on the rail, but was sure he could outtrot the field even though he went the long way, outside. At the head of the stretch he was a length and daylight behind Senator Frost. With 20 yards to go he was a neck behind. Then the tired Senator Frost broke stride and galloped ahead to the wire. Though he finished a neck in front the break disqualified the Senator, who was placed third, and Jamin was declared the winner. It was another superb performance.

Americans will, therefore, have another opportunity to see Jamin, in California at the American Classics in November. Already, however, it is clear that he is one of the outstanding horses of our time and that a growing number of American breeders are interested in buying him and keeping him here.

END



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A royal roast

For the appetites that go with football

weather, fillet of beef is a supreme reward

THE LATE George Harriman once drew Krazy Kat under a shower of falling leaves and remarking plaintively "It's Ottim!" Moose, of course, was scouting around with a gun, drawing a bead on Kat. On New England autumn weekends I often think of Kat. For the woods are full of trigger-happy poachers; anyone picnicking in a leather jacket is apt to be shot at for a deer or something less.

The season has its risks and its drawbacks, to be sure. But it has huge satisfactions as well—resplendent foliage and fine, crisp air, pheasants in the brush and geese overhead, hunt meetings and field trials and football. Not the least of October's rewards are the gargantuan appetites engendered by outdoor enthusiasms. And the delight, in this robust season, of confronting at the table such a platter as is shown on the opposite page.

This pink-of-perfection is the *ae plus ultra* of roasts, a whole tenderloin or fillet of beef. One of the most expensive cuts of meat, it is often difficult to come by, as the loin of the animal must be specially butchered to remove the fillet in one piece. (The fillet is a long, tender muscle that runs lengthwise along the carcass beneath the saddle. In the usual manner of butchering, the choice cuts of steak—porterhouse, T-bone and sirloin—are cut across the loin where the fillet lies, so that each individual steak includes a small portion of the fillet.) When the butcher removes the entire fillet, it is usually for dividing into pieces to be served as *filets wigons*. A thick cut from the largest section of the fillet provides the sumptuous steak known in France as a *chateaubriand*. A *fourcados* is a smaller cut, rolled with fat and tied into a little circle.

Fillets from the two top U.S. grades of beef, Prime and Choice, are of course the finest and may be roasted with a simple *barding*, or blanketing of suet wrapped partially around the meat. This blanketing is removed after cooking. Fillets, if available, from the less expensive beef grades designated Good and Commercial (or Utility) can make good eating if they are painstakingly *larded*, by poking little pieces of suet beneath the surface of the fillet with a larding needle or the point of a knife or an ice pick. This larding, which makes for richness and tenderness, is eaten together with the meat. The French prepare fillet from lesser grades of beef most successfully in this manner.

Buying a fillet

When you order a whole fillet for roasting at the butcher shop, the butcher will weigh it with its thick layer of fat, which he will then pare off. Be sure that he also pares off the tough, thin membrane that covers the meat. Generally, a six-pound fillet, as weighed originally, gives only about three pounds of clear meat. The piece is much thinner at one end than the other. To make this into a reasonably symmetrical log shape, which insures even roasting, the fillet is cut in two, across the middle, and the pieces are then laid one on top of the other, "head to tail." If as many as 10 or 12 people are to be served, two entire fillets can be laid "head to tail" in the same manner.

To lubricate the meat as it cooks, the butcher should blanket the fillet with a thin layer of beaten-out suet taken from the flank of the carcass. This blanket, or barding, encloses the bottom and sides of the roast only—the top being left uncovered—and is tied in place with string at about one-inch intervals.

Cooking the fillet

Remove the fillet from the icebox, barded and tied as it is, half an hour before cooking. Preheat oven till very hot (about 500°). Place the meat in an uncovered roasting pan and sear for 10 minutes. Reduce heat to low-medium (300°). For a 3-pound fillet, cook at this temperature for approximately 35 minutes more. If you use a meat thermometer, remove meat from oven when thermometer reaches temperature indicated for "beef rare." Remove strings and barding of fat. Let the fillet rest for a few minutes before carving and serving.

Garnish for the roast

Cauliflower divided into flowerets, string beans, peas and small ends of carrots—all of them boiled, buttered and seasoned—form the garnish in the picture. But any cooked vegetables may be used—mushrooms, potatoes, asparagus tips, etc.—neatly arranged in small heaps or bouquets surrounding the roast. In Paris restaurants the dish garnished in this manner goes by the name of *filet de bœuf à la bouquetière*.

If you want sauce

It is not strictly necessary to prepare gravy or sauce to go with fillet of beef, since the meat provides its own juice. However, if a sauce is desired, the best is a hot, unthickened mixture of either meat glaze or concentrated consommé, plus a small quantity of black truffles, chopped fine, Madeira wine and seasoning to taste.

Photograph by Louise Dahl-Walfe
Platter from Tiffin

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HORSE RACING / Whitney Tower

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ROUND TABLE

5-year-old bay horse
(Princequillo-Knight's Daughter)

OWNER: Kerr Stable
TRAINER: Willie Miller
JOCKEY: Willie Shoemaker

	STARTS	WINS	EARNINGS
1955	10	6	\$75,399
1957	22	10	\$66,293
1958	20	10	\$62,780
1959	17	8	\$43,000

Total 69 34 \$1,679,559

HILLSDALE

4-year-old bay colt
(Take Away-Johann)

OWNER: Clarence W. Smith
TRAINER: Morty Fallon
JOCKEY: Tommy Barron

	STARTS	WINS	EARNINGS
1957	14	6	\$26,190
1958	14	7	\$22,400
1959	12	5	\$20,130

Total 40 18 \$68,720

ONCE IN A WHILE a race comes along that rises above the ranks of those rich, run-of-the-mill Saturday stakes into an exalted niche clearly labeled: championship. This week's Woodward at the new Aqueduct track in New York is such a contest.

Not since November 1957, when the Trenton Handicap at Garden State brought about, finally, a three-horse showdown among Bold Ruler, Galant Man and Round Table, has any track in the country managed to stage such a star-studded attraction.

The Woodward is not a handicap. It is run over a distance of a mile and a quarter at weight-for-age, which simply means that every 3-year-old will carry 120 pounds and every horse 4 or over will carry 126. The goal of a weight-for-age race in the fall is to bring the very best of each division together—not to race the arbitrary weights imposed by the racing secretary but strictly each other.

Toward this goal the 1959 Woodward should succeed admirably, for, barring mishaps, the field that goes postward this Saturday should include 1) Sword Dancer, the 3-year-old champion, 2) Hillsdale, the leading 4-year-old and 3) Round Table, now a 5-year-old, who, fresh from a sensational 136-pound weight-carrying victory in last week's United Nations Handicap, has increased his world record total earnings to \$1,679,559. In addition, Bald Eagle may

enter the Woodward along with two or three others, such as Inside Tract, Cross Channel or Babu.

For reasons obviously inherent in any championship race the Woodward should be a dramatic struggle. But this race, like the 1957 Trenton, has something more.

For example, let's take Sword Dancer. Undisputed king of the 3-year-olds, this little but beautifully made chestnut has taken on older horses three times—and twice beaten them under handicap conditions. But, ask the doubters, has he ever faced anything like Round Table? The answer is "No." Then, too, Sword Dancer is once again getting a new jockey—but hardly an apprentice, mind you. After carrying Boulasetta, Boland, Shoemaker and Yeasa this year, the Brookmeade colt draws Eddie Arcaro for the big one. This is hardly a disadvantage, but nonetheless it does raise the question of why Shoemaker, who has alternated between Sword Dancer and Round Table, chose the latter.

Speaking for Shoe, Agent Harry Silbert puts it plainly: "At weight-for-age, a top older horse should beat a top 3-year-old. If these two were in a handicap Round Table might be carrying 132 to 118 on Sword Dancer. But at 126 to 120 I think Round Table has the best of it, and that's why Shoe will be on him."

For his part, Arcaro agrees with the majority of racetrackers who

This week's Woodward brings America's top horses into a fight for the championship

SWORD DANCER

3-year-old chestnut colt
(Sunglow-Highland Fling)

OWNER: Brookside Stable

TRAINER: Ellen Burch

JOCKEY: Eddie Arcore

	STARTS	WINS	EARNINGS
1968	14	3	\$66,591
1969	21	6	\$95,244

Total 35 9 \$161,835

claim that a 3-year-old's only chance against good older horses in a race of this sort is for the 3-year-old in question to possess truly great ability. "If he's really tops," says Eddie, "he has a chance."

Racing Secretary Jimmy Kilroe points out that weight differences should not be confused with over-all ability. "If you figure," says Kilroe, "that two pounds is equal to a length going a mile and a quarter, you can get an idea of this race by imagining that Round Table, Hillsdale and Bald Eagle will all, in effect, be spotting Sword Dancer three lengths. Then ask yourself if any of them, carrying six more pounds, are good enough to make it up."

Hillsdale has benefited from sound management all year. Owner Clarence W. Smith and Trainer Marty Fallon set dead aim early last winter on winning Horse of the Year honors for this lean and leggy colt, and after virtually cleaning the slate in California they gave Hillsdale a long and well-earned rest. Sensational in his New York debut at Belmont, Hillsdale followed it up by giving Bald Eagle 10 pounds and winning the one-mile Aqueduct Handicap in an exceptionally good 1:36 2/5. "We're here," says his jovial owner, "because this is where the championship is going to be won. This colt will do anything in the world we've asked him to do, and now we're ready to show

continued

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HORSE RACING continued

everyone he's as good as Marty and I know he is."

And what about Round Table? Downgraded by disbelieving Easterners after a poor showing in last year's Woodward, run on an off track, he remains one of the amazingly durable horses of all time. After observing his victory last Saturday at Atlantic City, SPORTS ILLUSTRATION'S William Leggett wrote:

"Round Table is a little horse that is oh so big; a homely horse that is beautiful; a dark horse that glows. Many who thought he was good at 2, better at 3 and the best at 4 should see him at 5. He has won seven of his last eight races, carrying 130 pounds or more in each of them. He now seems to swing effortlessly from crescendo to crescendo, from grass course to dirt, from one end of the nation to the other, without distress from the weights or the rattle of his opponents' hoofs.

"His United Nations win saw him break quickly from the gate and settle in stride behind Lil' Fella, with Tudor Era right alongside, almost prompting him on. For a mile he seemed to be hopping along the top of the hedges, but at the head of the stretch he uncoiled his big run and won ridden out.

"Willie Moller, Round Table's trainer, said later: 'He's like an iron horse in many ways. He never seems to have a pimple on him, and he never turns an oat away. About the only fault he has is that he doesn't like muddy tracks, and if it should come up slop-

py or muddy for the Woodward we wouldn't start him. There is always a lot of talk about Horse of the Year, but golly, I think this horse is the Horse of the Year right now.'

"Travis M. Kerr, who owns Round Table along with his wife and daughter Nancy, added: 'He's a great little horse. He's traveled all over, he's carried weight, he's won at all distances, he's run an dirt and grass. And if he likes the Aqueduct track, Hilldale and Sword Dancer will know they've been to the races.'"

So there you have the lineup and enough puzzling questions to satisfy every ambitious horseplayer. The puzzle will fit together this Saturday. Stop or noid, however, would almost surely eliminate Round Table, and possibly Hilldale too. The off track might be an asset to Bald Eagle, and a probably wouldn't bother Sword Dancer one way or the other. All four horses usually come from just off the pace but, with the exception of Bald Eagle, can and have taken the lead anywhere.

No matter who wins this latest—and most spectacular—Woodward, Aqueduct racegoers (and a television audience in the millions) will be in for a treat. For in watching Round Table they will see the lone surviving star of the fine generation of horses foaled in the spring of 1954. That crop included Gallant Man, Bold Ruler, Gen. Duke, Iron Liege, Clem, Promised Land, Cohoes and many other good ones. Only Round Table is still going strong. Strong enough, it says here, to win the Woodward and the championship he deserves. **END**



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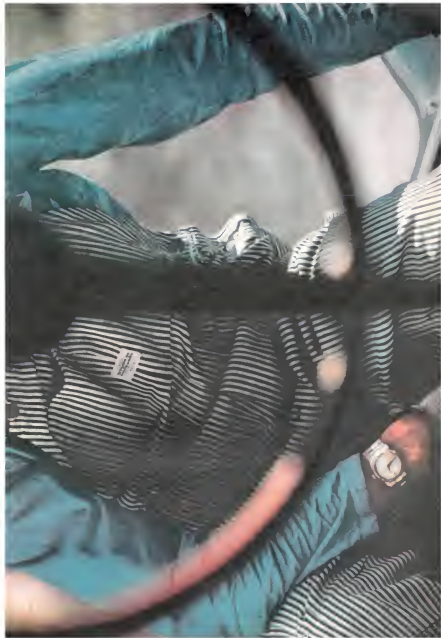
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Photograph by Mark Kaufman—Life







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CHARLES GOREN / Cards

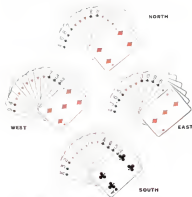
Nice guys finish first

THE literature of every sport is replete with examples of "cute" tricks by which winners achieve a victory. But for every player whose will to win okays a "stop-at-nothing-you-can-get-away-with" policy, there are dozens who scorn victory unless it comes with honor.

In bridge it is not exceptional for nice guys to finish first. It is nevertheless pleasant to report that two of these "nice guys" won the Masters' Men's Pair title in the huge Summer National championship in Chicago last month. They are my good friends and frequent partners, Harry Fishbein, captain of the team that won the Vanderbilt last year, and John Gerber, the Texan whose four-club ace-showing convention is perhaps more often used by expert players than the more widely popular Blackwood Convention.

Harry can always be counted on for a story-book hand. This one, contributed with the apology, "It's an oldie," well illustrates the fact that age does not deprive a classic of any of its luster.

North-South vulnerable
South dealer



SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1♠	1♥	1♠	PASS
3♠	PASS	3♠	PASS
3♥	PASS	4♠	PASS
7♠	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: spade 9

The Manhattan maestro gave it everything he had during the bidding. After his modest one-diamond opening, he made a jump shift rebid of three clubs. North then showed that his free bid in spades included good support for diamonds. Although South's cue bid then impaired the value of North's king of hearts, he had sufficient values to justify showing his king of clubs. Fishbein's leap to seven exemplifies a kind of daring which is not foreign to his nature. Perhaps his two little spades should have been a sobering influence. But we would then have had to look elsewhere for the basis of today's text.

If West had led the ace of hearts, declarer would have had an easy time. Dummy's heart king would provide the needed parking place for South's small spade, and South's losing club would be ruffed in dummy. The 9 of spades lead made matters much more difficult; but it, too, helped to guide declarer to the winning play.

Normally, Fishbein's hope would be to find West with the queen and jack of spades as well as the ace of hearts, and to squeeze him out of his possessions. But, since the 9 of spades lead marked East with the spade honors, Fishbein projected his squeeze in that direction. By "reversing dummy"—making the dummy the long trump hand—he was able to discard his losing spade on dummy's long trump and cash 12 tricks without trumping a club.

He won the spade opening with dummy's ace and trumped a heart with the 9 of diamonds. A low diamond to dummy's 8 enabled South to ruff another heart with an honor. Declarer went back to dummy's queen of diamonds to play North's king of hearts and ruff it. He then cashed his high diamond and high spade.

Declarer's remaining cards were the spade 3 and his four clubs. Dummy held two clubs, the 6 of diamonds and the 10-8 of spades. East held four clubs and the queen of spades, and was ripe for the pressure play. South led a club to dummy's king and cashed North's remaining trump. East had to hold the queen of spades to cover dummy's 10-spot, so was compelled to yield a club. Fishbein discarded his last spade and won the three remaining tricks with the ace, queen and 5 of clubs, to make his daring grand slam.

EXTRA TRICK

Note that, by shortening his own trump suit, declarer was able to "trump" a loser in a suit which wasn't actually short in either hand. Theoretically, declarer could gain the same trick by trumping a losing club—but in fact that would have made it impossible for South to win 13 tricks.

END

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FOOTBALL

continued from page 11

this way. Jim Tatum's death was the worst thing that ever happened to me.

"You couldn't help being completely devoted to him. Regardless of how you felt about him—and he could make you madder than hell—you always knew that he was on your side. It's hard to put him into words. Of course, he was a big guy and he had a way of attracting attention wherever he went. He was always working so hard that sometimes folks misunderstood him. And of course he *did* drive hard, but I don't think any of his teams had anything but the utmost respect for him. He was awfully good to a football team."

Hickey sat back, lit a cigarette and turned his thoughts to the team he had helped Tatum groom for the season. Tatum would now never see. He talked about Carolina's switch to an Army-style lonely-end offense and about a blessed absence of injuries in pre-season workouts, but mostly he talked about a player who could make or break the team: Jack Cummings.

Hickey was a bit worried because Cummings had just gotten out of bed

on Wednesday after an attack of tonsillitis but was pleased that he appeared robust enough in eleventh-hour drills.

"Jack is probably as fine a young man as anybody could hope to have on a football team," Hickey said. "I have never seen him do anything that wasn't perfectly right. He is the best passer I have ever been associated with."

Through a long day Hickey looked nothing like a man laboring under extreme pressure, although it would be difficult to exaggerate the intensity of the pressure he must have felt. He even survived in high good spirits the attentions of that salty master of one-upmanship, Frank Howard.

In midafternoon Howard lured Hickey into the visitors' dressing room to meet his squad. "How about it," he inquired gleefully, "shall we whip this little so-and-so now or wait till tomorrow?"

But after Saturday's game Howard was gracious in victory. "I feel damn grateful, happy and good," he said. "I feel maher toward no one. The only thing I hate was that I had to beat a damn fine young coach like Jim Hickey."

END



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PENNANT RACE

continued from page 72

in San Francisco. Jim Davenport said it was the greatest game he had ever played in his life.

Personally, Giant Manager Bill Rigney was glad it was over. At one time, with Sanford pitching, he had the three other Giant starting pitchers—Jones, Antonelli and McCormick—warming up in the bullpen.

"They tell me," said Manager Rigney, "that you're supposed to save a pitcher for tomorrow. I figured I couldn't wait."

SITTING DUCK

By this time the Giants were two games ahead again, a situation in this pennant race to be avoided like the plague. It rained on Friday, so everyone had a day of rest, and then the Dodgers took over on Saturday. In the first game, a daylight affair, Roger Craig humbled the Giants 4-1. Maury Willis had three hits. In the night game Drysdale and Larry Sherry and Danny McDevitt and Clarence Nottingham Churn III combined their talents to heat the Giants 5-3. The Giants, stopped dead by Drysdale after they had loaded the bases on walks in the first inning, had a 1-0 lead going into the seventh. Then came the play that might well have broken the back of the pennant race. The Dodgers filled the bases with one out, but Chuck Essegan hit a double-play grounder to Davenport at third. Davenport fielded the ball and threw to Daryl Spencer at second, but Dodger Joe Pignatano barreled into Spencer, Daryl dropped the ball and the Dodgers, instead of being out of the inning with no runs, went on to score five. It was a startling reversal of fortune, but routine in this week of surprises.

The last game of the Dodger-Giant series was almost anticlimactic. Duke Solder hit a home run off Sam Jones in the second inning, and the Dodgers were off. By the time the Giants got around to scoring a couple of runs in the eighth, Los Angeles already had four and Sam Jones had long since showered and dressed. As if to emphasize what kind of week it had been, the Dodgers scored four more in the ninth. The Giants were suddenly in third place, and barely breathing.

To understand why such a twisted mixup exists in the National League race, particularly among three teams

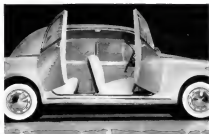
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PENNANT RACE *continued*

so dissimilar, it may help to study the personalities of the teams involved. And baseball teams do have individual personalities, compounded of equal parts physical ability and psychic quirks—a confusion of styles and temperaments and talents of players and managers and coaches, with even a bit of history on the side.

The Milwaukee Braves, for example, are a superior ball club, not great but very good, the best in the league. They have a certain amount of frightening power scattered throughout the lineup and some of the best pitching



HANDSOME DODGER pitcher Don Drysdale whipped Giants in crucial night game.

in baseball. Without being spectacular about it they manage to make most of the plays in the field. But the Braves are not very inspiring. They won the pennant the last two years simply because they were far better than anyone else; in 1956, when they were better, too, but not to such a marked degree, they lost.

This year they have missed Red Schoendienst at second base and at the plate, but the illness of Schoendienst has meant far more than just the loss of a glove and a bat. Without him, the Braves do not rise to the occasion. There are exceptions, of course: the two great pitchers, Spahn and Burdette, maybe Mathews and Del Crandall, perhaps a few more. But victory does not exhilarate them nor defeat drop them into the depths of despair; they are a little bit happier if they win, a little less cheerful

continued

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PENNANT RACE *continued*

if they lose. They are old pros, doing a job. Sometimes this can be a good thing, sometimes not.

The Dodgers are as different from the Braves as night from day. Their physical talents are far less. They have a pitching staff of vast potential and occasional brilliance which quite frequently falls on its face. They don't have too much power. Seldom do they cause an opposing pitcher to quiver on the mound and almost never do they run another team off the field; even their victories are scrambling affairs in which hustle and a refusal to quit seem far more important than base hits.

ALL THAT MONEY

Perhaps it is the great bundle of cash which awaits them if they can bring the World Series to their Coliseum and its 95,000 seats that spurs the Dodgers. Or it could be the old winning habit ingrained in the famed Dodger teams of the past, a habit which still lives in veterans like Hodges and Gilliam and Snider and Furillo. Or perhaps it is the marked aggressiveness of some of the new players, particularly Wally Moon, who has given the Dodgers their greatest lift with his clutch hitting and fierce will to win. Whatever it is, the Dodgers have it, a spirit which has made them better than they are.

The Giants are somewhere in between. They have more power than the Braves against mediocre pitching, not quite so much against pitching that is very sharp. They have terrific speed and, with Mays in the outfield and Davenport and Bressoud in the infield, good defense. The Giants have very fine starting pitchers, but they are short on relief.

All the Giants lack is experience and the steadiness it brings; they still make mistakes; they get rattled; sometimes they seem to lack confidence in their own skills. But to make up for this, the Giants have a blend of bubbling enthusiasm which keeps them rattling to win and a compelling sense of destiny. Together, these factors are as impressive as the dogged determination of the Dodgers and the stolid skill of the Braves.

These three teams, so different in ability, so widely separated in style, have combined to make 1959 one of the most memorable years in National League history. It's almost a shame that two of them have to lose. **END**



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LOVE AFFAIR

The object of affection was a ball club, the Giants, who with great difficulty staggered through September toward destiny in the National League pennant race. The city was in love with the ball club, but in this love affair there were moments of doubt, despair, disillusionment. For those who like baseball, or the Giants, or San Francisco, or even love, *Sports Illustrated* asked Author Mark Harris and Artist Marc Simon to wander around the city, looking and listening, and then to write and sketch this affair of the heart.

AIRPORT

THE ROAD TRIP could have been worse (10 wins, 11 losses), but the night itself could not have been more nightmarish: the Dodgers' pitcher had struck them out 18 times. It was 2:30 in the morning, and their lead was one game. They had gone away three weeks before with a game and a half, but somewhere back east they had lost their half.

Maybe if they had come home with a larger lead they would have been greeted by a larger crowd. Baseball fans are like that. The little boy's father said there was supposed to be

a brass band to meet them, and the little boy's mother replied that anybody with brains enough to blow through a horn would be home in bed. Even so, there were 300 people, some with signs like **THIS TOWN LOVES YOU**, and the morning was chilling, as mornings in San Francisco always are.

Manager Bill Rigney, his warm breath visible, addressed the faithful briefly, saying, "We're in first place, and I'm confident we're going to stay there," and a shivering young lady said, "I like hearing him say it, though I suppose it's what he would say," and the players filed down. Shortstop Ed Bressoud, a widower at 27, carried



two sleepy children. Hank Sauer, after two decades as a player (he hit his last home run eight weeks ago in San Francisco), was now a coach. Trainer, clubhouse man, a few wives. News-men. Many of the faces were familiar but only two of the voices: down out of the sky came Russ Hodges and Lon Simmons, broadcasters.

There was nothing anybody could do about anything at half past two in the morning, but the little boy

IN SAN FRANCISCO

text by MARK HARRIS
drawings by MARC SIMONT



clung to a sign reading NOW! ON TO THE PENNANT. He fully forgave the Giants for striking out 18 times, and for losing their half game. "I'm not worried," he said, but his mother was terribly tired.

EMBARCADERO

FROM COST TOWER on Telegraph Hill a tourist can see Alcatraz prison through a telescope for a dime.

Among the tourists were the Chicago Cubs, to whom the Giants had been too cordial all season. On the Embarcadero a teamster said, "Don't mention my name, but if they can get past Chicago then St. Louis comes in, always a gatsby for us. We can be four, five games ahead by the time L.A. wakes up. I been on strike for three weeks. Who's pitching?"

He was told that Mike McCormick was pitching.

"I mean for them," the teamster said.

"Ceccarelli."

"I'm half Irish and half Italian myself," the teamster said. "That's common here. The first time I heard the name of McCovey I said to the wife, 'The Giants got another Irishman.' But he sure can hit the ball. I'll tell the cockeyed world."

The recorded national anthem at

continued

Seals Stadium was played, but midway through it failed, and the teamster was uncertain whether to be embarrassed or amused. The Cubs' lead-off batter flied to left, the teamster held his breath, but Cepeda made the catch.

"It's a hell of a time to start learning left field," he said. The next two Cub batters struck out, and the teamster lit a cigar. "I smoke when the Giants bat. It brings them good luck. They're in first place, ain't they? I love that team."

Danny O'Connell struck out.

"I think it's going to win," the teamster said.

Willie McCovey, who had hit safely in 14 straight games, struck out.

"It's a big league town," he said.

"We deserve a big league team."

Willie Mays struck out.

"I don't know why they ever left the Seals go," the teamster said. "The Seals were only a bush team but these are only a bush team either, 18 strike out down there in L.A. and three strike out now and it ain't even 2 o'clock. Why don't they send them back to New York? Send McCovey back to Phoenix, nothing would suit me nicer. I could do better myself. I could at least stuck my bat out in front of the hall. Strike out, strike out, strike out, that's all they do."

A mixed chorus sang of Dual Filter Tareyton Cigarettes, but the breast of the teamster was not soothed. "Rigney's no manager," he said. "I could manage them better, the bums."

FISHERMAN'S WHARF

BROTHER JOE has gone away, Brother Dominic has gone away, Brother Vince lives across the Bay, but Brother Tom comes every day to the restaurant. Fish run in season, the fishermen mend their nets, and the wind is brisk on Fisherman's Wharf.

Willie Mays catches two fly balls in a row, and a gentleman with spectacles says, "I feel secure when I hear that Mays is waiting."

Schult singles, Chicago has a runner, and the fisherman in the boat pauses at his work. "There was only one DiMaggio," he says. Dark grounds to Bressoud, who tosses to O'Connell for the force play at second base, and the fisherman returns to his labor. Daryl Spencer is still ailing, Jimmy Davenport still hurting,

but Mike McCormick has pitched two fine innings.

"I think," says the gentleman with spectacles, "that if the Giants can get off to a good start on this home stand they'll go all the way."

The fisherman offers no opinion, but when Cepeda singles, and Brandt, on the hit-run play, pokes another through shortstop, the fisherman's hope rises. "Maybe," he says.

The batter is Felipe Alou, a Spanish-speaking outfielder with an innocent bronze countenance, whom Manager Rigney intuitively inserted today in right field in place of Willie Kirkland, who is lounging in the bullpen in a long, warm coat. The Giants have three players named Willie, each of whom was born in

Alabama; three who speak Spanish; two named Jones. Alou flies out to center field, Cepeda scoring after the catch.

"In baseball," says the gentleman with spectacles, "the past participle of 'to fly' is 'flied.'"

"It's a funny game," says the fisherman.

"At any rate," says the gentleman with spectacles, "we've got a run. We have drawn—as the sportswriters say—first blood."

Bressoud and Hegan pop out. "I was hoping for a big inning," says the fisherman, lowering his radio for the passage of the commercial. "If they'd have a big inning I could stop listening and start working." His boat rocks upon the water.

continued





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RCA VICTOR



At Seals Stadium, where Brother Joe and Brother Dominic and Brother Vince once played, the inning turns. At the Wharf, salt mist forms on the gentleman's spectacles, he removes them, wipes them, replaces them. "A run is a run," he says.

"Maybe," says the fisherman.

CANDLESTICK

THE bare-chested mason at Candlestick Park thought he'd sit out the third inning. His companions were a transistor radio, a thermos bottle of coffee, and a critical observer who asked, "How are you going to build a ball park sitting down?"

"Listen," the mason said, "I've been working like a slave since before the Giants got out of bed this morning."

Some of the light towers were up. Some were still lying on the ground. Some of the roof was on. Some was off. Some of the seats were in. Some weren't. The wind stirred the dust, and a man on a mowing machine rode back and forth across the outfield where a World Series would be played if the Giants won and the park were done.

Chicago was retired one-two-three. "That's the way to do it," the mason said. "Some day I'll tell my grandchildren, 'See this ball park. I built it.'"

There had been many delays. There had been a teamster strike. There had been harsh exchanges between the architect and the contractor. Mayor Christopher—running for re-election as the man who "gets things done"—had been drawn into the dispute. "I am apprehensive lest the absence of Mr. Boiles [the architect who designed the stadium] delay some of this important construction," the mayor said, but some things can't move any faster than they can move, not even for the mayor of San Francisco.

McCormick fanned, but O'Connell walked.

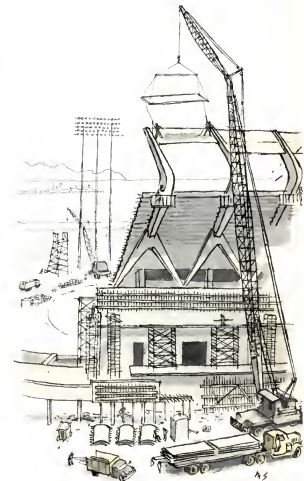
"She'll be a beauty," the mason said. "She'll be done."

McCovey lined out.

Mays popped up.

The mason said: "If nobody hits any better than that what are you hurrying me to build this ball park for?" He capped his thermos bottle.

At Candlestick Park the dugouts are built flush with the turf. "A dug-



out isn't a dugout any more," the observer said.

The mason slipped his transistor into his pocket, replied, "So what?" and strolled back to work. From his pocket came a song of praise by a mixed chorus: "Falstaff Beer, right beer anywhere . . . brewed with special care . . . sing out now, the time is here. . ."

CHINATOWN

THE Chinatown pharmacist reports, "Sure, there's a lot of interest in baseball in Chinatown, and a lot of betting, especially among doctors." In the Temple of Heaven saloon the bartender and his patrons gossip in Chinese but talk baseball in English. The

continued

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SAN FRANCISCO *continued*

patron orders a Soesky Dragon and asks who's up.

It is Thomson. There are three players in today's game who were in the Giants' lineup on yet another Wednesday afternoon—October 3, 1951. Willie Mays had been on deck and Alvin Dark had hit safely earlier in that inning when Bobby Thomson hit his "miracle home run" eight years ago. Now Bobby Thomson, this time for Chicago, hits another home run.

A patron orders an Oriental Passion. Schult pops up. Dark, like Thomson, plays for Chicago today. He fouls out to Catcher Hegan.

"How come Hegan is catching?" the first patron asks.

"Some rookie," the second patron



The Inquiring Photographer

THE QUESTION

Everyone wants "The Best of Everything"—but everyone differs as to what it is. What's your idea of "The Best of Everything"?

WHERE ASKED

20th Century-Fox studios, Hollywood, during the filming of Jerry Wald's production of "The Best of Everything," directed by Jean Negulesco in CinemaScope and Color by De Luxe.

THE ANSWERS

Caroline, just graduated from Radcliffe, played by Hope Lange: "I can't answer that till I've tried everything. I may not wind up with the best, but I'll sure as Satan have the most!"

Mr. Shalman, publisher, played by Brian Aherne: "To have the office harem I've got, with after-hours dictation privileges. A man in my position isn't easily satisfied with under-the-table-pinning."

Gregg, young actress, played by Suzy Parker: "Last year I'd have said to be a part of the theatre. But now it's to be part of the producer—that he'd as soon stop breathing as let me go!"

David Savage, producer, played by Louis Jourdan: "Creating for the theatre. I'd use anything, anybody, to stimulate my creative juices. I'll give them everything in return, short of myself."

Amanda Farron, editor, played by Joan Crawford: "Success in business—the feeling of power that comes with it. It makes up for the bit I have to play at night to keep what I've got in the daytime."

20th Century-Fox



replies. "They're giving him a try."

The rookie, Jim Hegan, who has been a big league baseball player for 19 years, flies out to open the Giants' half of the inning. McCormick strikes out, O'Connell grounds to Dark, the

patrons toss off their Sneaky Dragon and their Oriental Passion, Bobby Thomson and Alvin Dark jog into the Chicago dugout, and Willie Mays assumes a defensive posture in center field. It is not the spacious garden Mays knew at the Polo Grounds—but then, it is not the same Willie Mays, either. He feels that he has five good years of baseball left. Eight years ago, in the on-deck circle when Bobby Thomson hit his miracle, Willie Mays was not counting years. No doubt the bent old Chinaman, his face creased with wisdom, knows some ancient proverb with which to console humankind caught up in the awful fleetness of Time. He enters the Temple of Heaven, he speaks, he says, "What's the score?"

UNION SQUARE

THE CAPS were all the rage. They kept the wind out of a man's hair, the sun out of his eyes, and they announced his loyalties. A great many people wore them who labored in neither wind nor sun.

continued



The men in caps at Union Square worked without distraction during the Chicago fourth. It was a quick three outs. O'Connell caught a pop fly, Cepeda a fly ball, and Brandt threw out Ernie Banks. Plastic figurines of Banks were on sale in shops at Union Square, but not of Brandt, who was to be a hero of the Giants' afternoon.

A moment later Felipe Alou hit a home run. At Union Square, in front of the St. Francis Hotel, a lady snapped off her transistor, snapped open her purse, dropped the transistor in and snapped the purse shut. Then she walked downhill past the workmen in caps.

NORTH BEACH

ONE CANNOT hear, in the Coexistence Bagel Shop, the song of Falstaff Beer. Here in North Beach they do not sing of Dual Filter Cigarettes. The jukebox plays advanced jazz, far out.

The patron orders garlic sauce and

potato salad (55¢). Coffee is 15¢ (with food, 10¢). The patron says, "I don't dig baseball. I don't approve of competitive sports."

The baklava—a delicious pastry made of chopped nuts and honey—is 35¢, and the tourist eats and asks, "What's the score?"

"For my part," says the patron, "you can stuff baseball in a gray flannel sack of commercialism."

But a second patron merely agrees to go out somewhere and ask a square. He disappears into Grant Avenue.

"He's a phony beatnik," the patron asserts. "He's just on an unemployment kick. He's got clothes at home. Me, I'm a real beatnik. I'm unemployed forever. I exist in a state of true indifference."

He rolls a cigarette.

The second patron returns. "Three to one," he says.

"Favor who?" the tourist asks. "Who's got the three?"

"I don't know," the second patron says. "To hell with everything."

"It makes a difference," the tourist insists.

"Not to me."

NOB HILL

THE Pacific Union Club on Nob Hill also coexists. Almost anyone can apply for membership as soon as he becomes enormously wealthy. Here the news is received that Mr. Raymond Lee Walls Jr., an associate of a Chicago firm, flies out to Mr. O. Manuel Cepeda, whose winter address is Puerto Rico.

As often happens, even in the best of baseball games, a bull has developed. The Giants appear to be firmly in control of the transaction. The Cubs appear to be ineffectual in achieving their terms. There have been very few base hits (only six, in slow trading). There has been no tension, no dispute, no conference at the pitcher's hill. Truly, it is a base a dull game. Dull, dull, One relaxes.

By direct wire, further information is received: Mr. Ernest Banks, of Dallas and Chicago, pops out to Mr. Edward Francis Bressoud, who is preparing for a pedagogical career at the University of California at Los Angeles. During the summer months he represents a San Francisco house, calling at Los Angeles, St. Louis, Chicago, Milwaukee, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and Philadelphia.

Dull, dull, dull, the mind relaxes, drifts. Stock in the Giants was at \$100 a share in New York, at \$175 after their removal to San Francisco, and would sell today for \$800-\$900, if anybody cared to sell.

Mr. R. Brown Thomson of Chicago, who hit a home run eight years ago, and in his last time at bat, is struck out by Mr. Michael Francis McCormick. In an earlier negotiation, Mr. McCormick received a bonus payment reported at \$65,000.

At Seals Stadium rich and poor rise for the seventh-inning stretch.

POWELL STREET

THE SCORE is posted at the corner of Powell and O'Farrell, across from Omar Khayyam's Restaurant. The bells of the cable cars clung, the cable itself hums underfoot, and the man says, pointing, "Formerly I put the speaker inside so it didn't radiate outside, where if you cared to hear the progress you stepped inside, but I now put it up outside and let it radiate for somebody else."





He gives a good shine—25¢—and he says, "Come back, hear?"

Felipe Alou walks, steals second base, and a small crowd forms to listen. Bressoud strikes out.

A passer-by asserts that he has been a lifelong Yankee fan, that he would not know whom to root for in the event of a World Series between the Yankees and the Giants.

Hegan grounds out.

The shoeshine shop is sheltered from the wind by Macy's. The proprietor of the shop is a Missourian, but he has also lived in Indianapolis and Minneapolis. He has shined shoes in San Francisco since 1943. He was an admirer of the San Francisco Seals, but he now wholly accepts the Giants, and he sighs with disappointment when McCormick grounds out to end the inning.

Radiating outside, as he chalks the new zero, is a message from the Golden West Radio Network on behalf of Folger's Coffee, carefully selected, famous, fresh-brewed *real* coffee that makes you want to wake up and live. The crowd, which had begun to form around the loudspeaker in the hope of a rally, disperses.

"Come back, hear?" says the shoeshine man.

TWIN PEAKS

"Confidentially speaking," said the man in the house near Twin Peaks, "this confounded baseball season has cost me a lot of time. You see, I work at home. I must concentrate on what I'm doing. I tell myself, 'Don't touch that dial,' but it's like a drug, I'm hooked."

He continued: "Analytically speaking, I can save a certain amount of time by scientific listening. For example, in a game like today's, I began by listening only to the Giants at bat. Then Alou's home run put the Giants ahead by a couple of runs, so I shifted from offensive listening to defensive listening. Right now I'm listening defensively."

The Cubs were retired in the eighth, and he turned his radio off.

The Giants were also retired in the eighth, and when he turned his radio on again Averill was batting for Caccarelli, the Cubs' pitcher, in the top of the ninth. Averill grounded out to Davenport, who had replaced Brandt at third base; Manager Rigney was also listening defensively.

"This one's in the bag," the man said. "Hopefully speaking, I think McCormick is back on the track

again, and we're in. The Cubs have been the spoilers, but we're knocking them off."

"Cautiously speaking," his guest said, "while you were hopefully speaking Taylor singled."

Then Altman singled, too. The tying run was on first base, only one man was out, and the Giants' infield was joined by Manager Rigney in conference with McCormick. In the bullpen, Sam Jones was warming.

"Frankly speaking, it's been a dull game." The man fed his fireplace. At Seals Stadium, fans who had been shuffling toward the exits re-ent themselves, and Sam Jones, who had been watching the game first from the dugout and then from the bullpen, walked slowly toward the pitcher's mound. He was chewing a toothpick.

When Davenport replaced Brandt at third base, Brandt moved to left field, where he belongs, and Cepeda to first base, where he belongs. McCovey was in the Giants' dugout. Lee Walls was now replaced at bat by Dale Long, and the man in the house near Twin Peaks began to pace between his fireplace and his picture window. In short, there was a good deal of agitated shuffling of souls.

Sam Jones struck out Dale Long. Two men now were out, the tying run was still at first base, and Ernie Banks was the batter.

"Statistically speaking," said the guest of the man with the view of Twin Peaks, who was pacing more rapidly than before, "Banks is leading the league in homers and RBIs."

"My whole summer has been squandered," his host replied.

"You could always turn the radio

continued





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SAN FRANCISCO continued

off," his guest said cheerfully. "Don't touch that dial," the man commanded.

LEFTY O'DOUL'S

A TENSE moment at Lefty O'Doul's. The consensus was, after Jones fanned Long, that Manager Rigney had been wise to relieve McCormick, but when Banks singled, and a run scored, the feeling was that McCormick had been removed too soon. The tying run moved up to second base, and when Walt Moryn singled, it scored.

"They can't get past Chicago," somebody said. "They sit up nights figuring ways to lose it."

Noren pinch-hit for Schult, and Sam Jones struck him out.

At Seals Stadium the fans who had resettled themselves during their interrupted journey to the exits unfolded their blankets and spread them once again across their knees. At O'Doul's it looked like an extra-inning game, maybe 12 or 13 innings.

Cepeda fled out.

"Cepeda don't hit in the clutch any more," somebody said.

Don Elston was pitching for Chicago. He was fresh and fast. His first pitch to Brandt was a ball. His second pitch was also a ball, and a man in O'Doul's said, "He'll walk."

"Then who'll drive him in?"

"Maybe he'll hit a home run."

"Not him."

Jackie Brandt said in the clubhouse afterward that he had no idea, when



he hit the ball, where it was going. He just ran, as he had run out an uninteresting pop foul in the fourth inning. When he rounded first base he heard the crowd, and he knew. At home plate, Felipe Alou shook his hand. At Lefty O'Doul's the consensus was that Manager Rigney was doing a damn fine job, that Jones and Cepeda were great, that Brandt was always a threat at the plate, that the Giants would get past Chicago, beat St. Louis, and go all the way. The tourist had not met so many brilliantly clairvoyant people anywhere in the city. However, he could find nobody at O'Doul's who would tell him with absolute certainty what would happen tomorrow.

END



19TH HOLE

The readers take over

BASEBALL: A PROBLEM

Sirs:

I am a retired Methodist preacher, 74 years old. In my youth I did some wrestling, amateur fighting and taught some wrestling in college.

I am posing you an interesting problem in baseball deduction; I have not as yet solved this.

From Item 1 I know that neither Smith nor Brown was the pitcher. From Item 2 I know that neither Hunter, Knight nor White was the first baseman. It is an interesting set of problems of deduction.

Here is the problem.

Nine men, Brown, White, Adams, Miller, Green, Hunter, Knight, Jones and Smith, play positions on the baseball team.

The battery is the pitcher and catcher; the infield consists of the first, second and third basemen and the shortstop; the outfield of right, left and center fielders.

Determine from the following data the positions each plays.

1) Smith and Brown each won \$10 playing poker with the pitcher.

2) Hunter is taller than Knight and shorter than White but each of these weighs more than the first baseman.

3) The third baseman lives across the corridor from Jones in the same apartment house.

4) Miller and the outfielders play bridge in their spare time.

5) Miller, White, Brown, the right fielder and the center fielder are bachelors, and the rest are married.

6) Of Adams and Knight, one plays an outfield position.

7) The right fielder is shorter than the center fielder.

8) The third baseman is a brother of the pitcher's wife.

9) Green is taller than the infielders and the battery except for Jones, Smith and Adams.

10) The second baseman beat Jones, Brown and Hunter and the catcher at cards.

11) The third baseman, the shortstop and Hunter made \$10 each, specializing in U.S. Steel.

12) The second baseman is engaged to Miller's sister.

13) Adams lives in the same house as his own sister but dislikes the catcher.

14) Adams, Brown and the shortstop lost \$200 each, specializing in copper.

15) The catcher has three daughters; the third baseman has two sons, but Green is being sued for divorce.

JAMES THOMAS

Lakewood, Colo.

• The way we dope it out the solution is: Jones is the pitcher, Smith

continued



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15TH HOLE *continued*

the center fielder, Brown at first base, White at second base, Adams at third base, Miller is the shortstop, Green at left field, Hunter at center field and Knight at right field—ED.

FOOTBALL: ROUGH TIMES AHEAD

Sirs:

As the football season begins, each year the usual arguments are heard as to which team plays the toughest schedule. Everyone has his own theories as to who does. Here is mine: I looked over the 1959 schedules for the major teams in the country and awarded one point for each opponent who is among the top 25 teams on a won-lost basis over the past 25 years, and one point for each opponent who is among the top 18 teams as ranked by the A.P. and the U.P.I. Here are the results: 8 points—Illinois, Iowa and Pittsburgh; 7 points—Georgia Tech, Northwestern, Notre Dame, Ohio State, Purdue and Rice; 6 points—Auburn, Baylor, Georgia, Indiana, Michigan State, Mississippi State, Missouri, Tennessee and UCLA; 5 points—Army, California, Kentucky, Miami, Michigan, Minnesota, Navy, North Carolina, Tulane, Vanderbilt, Washington, and Wisconsin.

EDWARD H. WALTON JR.
Fairfield, Conn.

FISHING: MORE

Sirs:

I found Roderick Haig-Brown's article on Pacific salmon (*The Fish That Eat in Millions*, 84, Sept. 7), so interesting and complete that I would like to read more of his writings. Can you give me a list of the books he has written?

He is, of course, living in the West. Can you give me his address?

WARNER GUETZ

Spokane

● Mr. Haig-Brown, who lives at "Above Tide," Campbell River, B.C., has a new book out this week called *Fisherman's Summer* (William Morrow, \$3.75). This is his 12th book; among those in print are *Fisherman's Winter*, *Fisherman's Spring*, *Measure of the Year*, *Salt Water Summer*, *The Western Angler*, *A River Never Sleeps* and *Return to the River*.—ED.

Sirs:

Can you possibly find out what causes the pink pigment in salmon flesh?

M. J. PRICE

Palatka, Fla.

● It is the iodine content of the salmon's flesh.—ED.

BASBALL: WATCH HIM

Sirs:

Thanks for a wonderful article on Vada Pinson (*Baseball Is a Breeze for Vada Pinson*, 81, Aug. 31). Since I am from the Northwest, he was my favorite player when he played for Seattle last year. I have seen him do everything. I have seen

him score from second on an infield put-out and from first on a solid single. Pinson is the greatest player in the majors since Willie Mays. In a couple of years there will be no one who can match him.

LARRY MOORE

Olympia, Wash.

A CHAT WITH ADHEMAR

Sirs,

Having just read your excellent article about Adhemar da Silva (*The Triple Jumper from Brazil*, SE, Aug. 31), my family and I took especial notice when we first saw him at the Pan American Games in Chicago, August 29. At that time he was encouraging the final qualifiers in the broad jump, an event in which he did not compete.

As we headed for the exit at the end of the day, we passed him in the stands and stopped for a chat. The picture below shows how my 10-year-old son, Jim,



JIM AND ADHEMAR

feels about Adhemar. We were all impressed by his friendliness, warmth and simple dignity.

It was a fitting climax to see him win his specialty the next Wednesday. Even though he was not at his very best, his form was superbly balanced, relaxed and graceful.

Please convey our appreciation to Mr. De Carvalho for his splendid article, which added immeasurably to our experience.

ARTHUR L. REED

South Bend, Ind.

KEEPING FIT LEISURELY

Sirs,

In keeping with the spirit of national fitness or having fun in sports, we have a softball team here in Berkeley, made-up of some nine or so "old men," average age early 40s. Most of the fellows are former University of California basketball players whose names are well known, at least in these parts, and all are now successfully engaged in businesses and professions in the San Francisco Bay area.

Pat Newell, coach of the University of California 1959 NCAA basketball

continued



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10TH HOLE continued

champs: Will Lotter, former Rose Bowl footballer and now University of California at Davis varsity football coach (who was in Berkeley completing his doctorate in education); and I, a broken-down old Cal first baseman, round out the team. Our aggregation has managed to win the Berkeley city softball title for several years, although we were squeezed out in our championship playoff this year by a 1-0 score. (Perhaps it is immodest



CAL'S NINE OLD MEN

to add that Newell and I were both away that night on university business!)

As is evident from the enclosed photograph, the games are very informal, and something of a family affair—note sons in first row. As is clear from the photo, our "uniforms" are not quite up to date and, in fact, aren't uniforms.

Anyway, we have great fun and manage, in a leisurely sort of way, to keep fit.

STANLEY E. MCCAFFREY
Vice-President

The University of California
Berkeley, Calif.

TENNIS: ENIGMA WITHIN AN ENIGMA

Sirs:

Australia Wins It Back (SI, Sept. 7) leads one to think that the Davis Cup went its way primarily due to a deterioration in organization and coaching. The lesson so emphatically recognized last January in Australia was astonishingly ignored in August at Forest Hills.

Is it really so surprising that Mr. Olmedo (doesn't Mr. Olmedo sound strange?) should offer to us what you call an enigma? We, the people of the United States, are a thick-skinned and crass bunch. We take as so for granted, our habits, our culture, our high-handed manner; and anything that is not us—well, it just really isn't important.

Olmedo stated that "they don't understand." I would venture this is 60% of his and our problem. The other 40% is that we are not particularly interested in understanding.

You speak of the enigma of the player from Arequipa. How about the enigma of nonprofessionalism, or the enigma of Perry-Jonesism vs. Jack-Kramerism? The whole swinging cacophonous racket is an enigma.

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Pat on the Back

Photo by TERRY



CAPTAIN GEORGE E. T. EYSTON, O.B.E., M.C.

'The salt flats in September'

At MacLeod's cafe—an air-conditioned oasis adjacent to the Bonneville salt flats—the waitress ignored her clamoring tourist trade to serve the erect, frosty Englishman with the clipped gray mustache and steely-blue eyes. "Most hospitable, most hospitable," murmured Captain George Eyston. There is every reason why the residents of Wendover, the town bordering the prehistoric lake over whose marble-cool salt flats virtually every speed record has been established, should greatly admire the Captain. He is the sole survivor of speed records' Big Four—Campbell,

Jenkins, Eyston and Cobb. Twenty-one years ago over these same flats Captain Eyston drove his monstrous eight-wheeled *Thunderbolt* at 357.5 mph to duel John Cobb for the world speed record. Five years ago, with Ken Miles, he set 17 records in a little MG. Now 62 and an official of automotive, oil and shipbuilding companies, Captain Eyston leaves record breaking to younger drivers "with more time to remember them," contents himself with returning annually to the salt flats to manage the British speed attempts. "I love the salt flats in September," says George Eyston.



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ASHER SLACKS



When and Where It All Began—TV-wise

Yesterday . . . Brooklyn set the scene for the first big league game ever televised

NEAR the end of the regular season 20 years ago, just before the World Series, a young, sandy-haired enthusiast named Burke Crotty led a television crew to Ebbets Field in Brooklyn for the first broadcast of a major league game. They were glad to be there. In those early days of television, in 1939, almost all television programs originated in studios, and in the blaze of the lights, the heat made stage whiskers curl and craped the pages of books like burned toast. Engineers, technicians, directors, cameramen, actors and dramaturgs of all kinds thought of the day when there might be broadcasts under the open sky, in the clear fresh air—even the air of Brooklyn.

The day arrived on a Saturday, with the Dodgers, in fourth place, playing a double-header with the Cincinnati Reds, who were leading

the National League comfortably. The 16 men in the National Broadcasting Company's mobile unit placed one camera near the visiting players' dugout, and behind a right-hand batter's position. They hoisted the other up to the second deck and started to put it into the press box. But the sportswriters wouldn't permit the one-eyed monster in the same quarters with them. In those days television cables were several inches thick and looked dangerous. "There wasn't any trouble about it," Crotty remembers. "They just told us we couldn't put it in there."

Thus roused out of literature, the technical crew stewed about for awhile and finally got the second camera in a second-tier box back of the catcher. There was just time for a few pregame shots—Leo Durocher beaming at the camera for Brooklyn as Red Barber introduced the teams, with the sun beaming down on the 33,335 paid attendance in the stands—before the first game started. And thereafter the crew was kept hopping.

In those days, according to the



PIONEER CAMERA was set up along side of first dugout; second camera peeked from box above. The batters were barely visible on home screen, outfielders a blur.

best recollection of people present, the lenses couldn't be adjusted for distance. Now they zoom into the field for a closeup or draw back for long view of the outfield after a fly. But in 1959, the announcer stood beside the camera, his ears flattened with earphones, and spelled out what was happening into a microphone—an absolute necessity, for without him there was no way of telling what was going on. In this case Red Barber told the television audience that Luke Hamlin, known as Hot Potato Hamlin, was on the mound for the Dodgers. Almost at once McCormick, the solid Cincinnati batter who at the time stood seventh in the league, hit Hot Potato hard, but you couldn't see it on the television screen. The cameras were helpless when it came to following the ball in flight.

For some reason the Dodgers, who were not sparkling just then, blossomed as soon as they had the cameras on them. That old actor Leo Durocher was leaping and pivoting around the field like a ballet dancer. He made the most spectacular play of the game when he backhanded Eddie Joost's certain hit and tossed it to first. That showed plainly on the screen. A new era in baseball had begun. And perhaps a new era in ham acting. Cincinnati eventually won the game, giving Buckly Walters his 21st win of the year. Hamlin, who won 20 in 1939, never had another good year after that.

At this point we come to a perplexing historical interlude. A group of Hawaiian dancing girls appeared before the cameras. What they were doing there has never been made clear. It seems that a ceremony was planned to honor Alexander Cartwright, the baseball pioneer.

Cartwright was a big old gray-beard who could have been cast for Moses in Cecil B. de Mille's *Ten Commandments*. He died in Honolulu in 1893, and the impression prevailed that he must have been a native Hawaiian. Hence these native girls singing *ohe* and draping *lei* around the necks of the players. They also went through what was called a native pineapple-juice drinking ceremony *huna*. At any rate, whatever the tribal significance of these rites in Brooklyn, the effect on the Dodgers was electrifying. Cookie Lavagetto, previously undistinguished, immediately got on base. Dolf Camilli drove him in with his

continued

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22nd homer of the season. The Dodgers piled up six runs. They won the second game 6-1. Burke Crotty and his crew coiled up their cables in the twilight without even knowing who had won. They were merely aware, according to Crotty, of a great relief.

It is impossible for a generation familiar with the clear pictures and the fast action of modern television to comprehend what experimental programs had been like. "That heat!" said Sid Desfor, a photographer who was present at Ebbets Field for the first major league broadcast and who had been taking publicity pictures of NBC studio broadcasts. "It was murder!" And the first remote programs—anything not sent from the studio was a remote—"were pretty crummy pictures."

But they had improved significantly in the few months since the first televised ball game. That was the Columbia-Princeton game on May 17, 1939 at Baker Field. The game was a fiasco. PLAYERS ARE LIKE FLIES, ran a headline. The troubles were so monumental that nobody thought to call them bugs. Nobody could be recognized on the screen. All faces were dark. The outfielders were entirely invisible. Only rarely could three players be seen at one time. The only time a viewer could tell what was happening was when there was a bunt or infield play. It was a good game—Princeton won 2-1 in 10 innings—but watchers would never have guessed it if Announcer Bill Stern had not been there. The *Times* concluded, somewhat unprophecically, that baseball "is a thrill to the eye that cannot be electrified and flashed through space."

By comparison, the Brooklyn experiment was a roaring success. At the time (Aug. 26, 1939) only an estimated 500 sets had been sold. Four months of regular programs had already passed. But lively indoor programs were almost impossible, if only because the heat of the lights melted the inspiration of everybody concerned. Television folklore abounds in tales of misadventures caused by the heat. That thriller *The Gorilla*, for example, ends with the gorilla driven from a cellar by a smoke grenade, something that had been shown without incident on the stage. The prop man, an engineer and inventor named Bill Eddy, was waiting behind

the door with the smoke-producing ingredients, consisting of asthma powder, blowtorch and breakers, accompanied by the gorilla, a sensible young actor in a moth-eaten gorilla skin. At his cue Eddy lit the mixture. But the heat waves did terrible things to the ventilation; vast billows of smoke poured up. The actors on the stage were still dawdling over their lines when, way ahead of time, the audience was startled by the appearance of a gorilla, shouting hoarsely, "I'm getting out of here!"

Another time, an actor was supposed to drink from a decanter of wine, not knowing it had been poisoned. Under a spotlight it had



INTIMATE INTERVIEW on first telecast featured Leo Durocher with Red Barber.

grown hollering hot, and as he took a swig he let out a screech and gave a vivid demonstration of the death throes from drinking hot, poisoned wine. Another time, a shot was to shatter a lamp on a table. In the rehearsals the lamp shattered on schedule. But when the show was on the air nothing happened. So the actors ad libbed a whole new conclusion to the drama. They had just brought it off and were congratulating themselves when the curtain came down, and all at once the lamp shattered.

It was such incidents as these that had many TV people placing all their faith in outdoor shows. Despite the dreary Columbia-Princeton performance, Tom Hutchinson, NBC's program manager, said, "This signals the

beginning of an important development in the art of pictures through the air, for outdoor sports will furnish much of the most interesting material we could televise." Together with John Royal, then vice-president in charge of television development for NBC, Hutchinson is generally credited with pioneering in sports television. But most of the original crew that broadcast the Dodger-Reds double-header went on to distinguished careers. Harold See, the chief engineer at the field, is now general manager of a television station in San Francisco. Crotty, who began in NBC as a \$36-a-month mail room clerk, is vice-president of an advertising company. In that day, most television cameramen were engineers, and as improvements were made on the field they went into technical work, and most of them are now directors or supervisors of departments in NBC.

Immediately after the Brooklyn-Cincinnati telecast the prevailing skepticism about the future of such programs ended. The *Times*, apparently forgetting its first harsh reactions, reported a great technical improvement since the college game. It commented favorably on the TV technicians' increased skills.

Sports events, even including a few more big league games in 1940, continued to be televised intermittently up to Pearl Harbor. Television marked time during the war years, but by the end of 1946 there were 14,600 television receiving sets in homes in the United States and five stations. Crotty says that it was the big World Series after the war that put television over. The seven-game St. Louis-Boston Series in 1946, followed by the Dodger-Yankee seven-game Series the next year, changed the average citizen's view of television, changed the television set from a curiosity to a household necessity.

The statistics seem to bear him out. The number of television sets in homes jumped to 940,000 in 1948 and to 3,825,000 in 1949. By 1951 the figure was 10,270,000, receiving from 108 stations, and the increase continued at the same rate to 50 million (and 570 stations) by 1959. When the first major league game was broadcast, one bold prediction (*LIFE*) was that within 10 years as many as 10 million viewers might watch a World Series on television. The estimated number watching the 1958 Series was 60 million.

—ROBERT CASTWELL



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2. "The chief's son had shown me the five points of the Masai's dearest possession. Each 8 feet apart is pointed at both ends, and one end is sharp enough to shave with. A fierce weapon, but ten times as heavy as a javelin."

3. "We tried to throw hit the mark. That satisfied the proud Masai, but it didn't tempt me to trade in my rifle. This tribe lives in the heart of big game country, surrounded by lion, rhino and elephant. Their spears are then only means of defense."

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